

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## NON-COMBATANTS.

Never of us be said  
That we reluctant stood  
As sullen children, and refused to  
dance  
To the keen pipe that sounds across  
the fields of France.  
Though shrill the note and wild,  
Though hard the steps and slow,  
The dancing floor defiled,  
The measure full of woe,  
And dread  
The solemn figure that the dancers  
tread,  
We faltered not. Of us, this word shall  
not be said.  
Never of us be said  
We had no war to wage,  
Because our womanhood,  
Because the weight of age,  
Held us in servitude.  
None sees us fight,  
Yet we in the long night  
Battle to give release  
To all whom we must send to seek and  
die for peace.  
When they have gone, we in a twilight  
place  
Meet Terror face to face,  
And strive  
With him, that we may save our forti-  
tude alive.  
Theirs be the hard, but ours the lonely  
bed.  
Nought were we spared—of us, this  
word shall not be said.  
Never of us be said  
We failed to give God-speed to our  
adventurous dead.  
Not in self-pitying mood  
We saw them go,  
When they set forth on those spread  
wings of pain:  
So glad, so young,  
As birds whose fairest lays are yet  
unsung  
Dart to the height  
And thence pour down their passion of  
delight,  
Their passing into melody was turned.  
So were our hearts uplifted from the  
low,  
Our griefs to rapture burned;  
And, mounting with the music of that  
throng,

Cutting a path athwart infinity,  
Our puzzled eyes  
Achieved the healing skies  
To find again  
Each winged spirit as a speck of song  
Embosomed in Thy deep eternity.  
Though from our homely fields that  
feathered joy has fled  
We murmur not. Of us, this word  
shall not be said.

*Evelyn Underhill.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## THE FISHERMEN'S CHURCH.

So old and gray, the tiny church above  
the ocean stands,  
A flight of steps, a shingle reach, be-  
tween it and the sands,  
And the berried buckthorn bushes from  
the windswept higher lands.

Those sturdy arches, low and wide,  
nine hundred years and more  
Upheld this church of fisherfolk above  
the shelving shore;  
And the moaning of a turning tide  
comes through the open door.

The sea-pinks and the poppies grow on  
many a grassy grave,  
The seagulls fold their snowy wings  
upon the crested wave,  
And swallows flying in and out skim  
up the quiet nave.

Here down the ages mothers came to  
bring their babes to God,  
And many a trusting man and maid  
that dim-lit chancel trod,  
Those humble ancestors who sleep be-  
neath the spray-dashed sod.

The incense of unnumbered prayers  
from folk of lowly lot,  
The lives of nigh a thousand years, un-  
known and long forgot—  
They sanctify the very stones, and fill  
the holy spot.

A woman rests within the porch, her  
baby on her knee;  
A fishing-boat, with man and boy, is  
sailing in from sea;  
The peace of God is everywhere. God  
give that peace to me!

*W. M. E. Fowler.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

If no extraordinary conditions exist the American Congress will re-assemble in December, which is the time prescribed by the Constitution. The convening of Congress will be of vital interest to us and our Allies.

An attempt will be made, in the first place, to pass an Act placing an embargo on the exportation of munitions. It would be idle at this time to hazard any speculation as to the outcome of that attempt; but it would be worse than foolish to dismiss it lightly, as some people do, and pretend it is not worth serious consideration. I do not think any one is in a position to say—that is to deliver an opinion based on knowledge or authority—that the Act will be passed or defeated. Men of sound judgment prefer not to commit themselves at this time because they are aware much will depend upon circumstances. My own judgment is an Act cannot be passed without a very stout fight, but that is not to be taken as meaning the Act will be defeated. I agree with those persons who decline to commit themselves, because we must wait to see what may happen in the interval.

The Germans will stop at nothing to secure the embargo. They are desperate. They have resorted to assassination, they will not scruple at murder or any other infamy to gain what they want; terrorism, bribery, corruption are the weapons they employ. All the resources at their command have been concentrated to this end for many months past, and they will work with renewed vigor between now and the re-assembling of Congress. The German Government evidently believes that if it were not for the supplies the Allies are able to draw from this country they could not continue the war, and every German in America—and there

are several millions of them—acting under orders from Berlin, has made himself an apostle to preach the doctrine. An embargo would really be an unneutral act, because it would be a discrimination against the Allies in favor of Germany, Austria and Turkey, but that, of course, is what the Germans want.

The movement has strength because of the forces behind it. Apart from the Germans, who will do anything to cripple the Allies and are still as subservient to their Government as they were before they escaped its rigors, there are a great many Americans who regard it as an unholy thing for the United States to furnish the means for men to kill their fellow men. Americans who are helping the German campaign for an embargo not because they approve of Germany or her methods, but because they are shortsighted enough to believe that if the Allies cannot obtain munitions in this country the war will be brought to an end all the sooner, cannot be argued with. They cannot be persuaded that a victorious Germany is a menace to the world, including the United States. They are comfortable optimists. Germany, they say, is as anxious to end the war as everybody else, and when the war is over people can again turn to making money, the world will once more be happy, and we shall hear no more of war and carnage.

In many respects the United States is a paradox. England has always been a man's country, men have made legislation for men, and yet women have been keenly interested in politics and taken an active part in its political affairs, and been not without considerable influence. In the United States, until quite recently, women have not been an active political fac-

tor; for an American woman to have gone on the stump for her husband would almost certainly have caused his defeat, because Americans did not take kindly to the idea of women "mixing in politics," and yet women have been a very potent factor in "invisible government." American legislation has been enacted with the thought of the effect it would have on women; women without votes or taking an active part in politics, have subtly but, nevertheless, potentially exerted pressure on legislation. Since several States have given the suffrage to women and the feminist movement has swept the country from end to end the importance of women politically and socially has tremendously increased.

America is a land of forced draft. It is a country whose people neither practise ancestor worship nor take much pride in posterity. It is a country of to-day and the present generation. The American woman has become emancipated overnight, she has emerged from her chrysalis stage of humble dependent to the butterfly stage full-winged and jewelled, in the same brief time the transformation takes place in the lower orders of nature. From having been negligible and voiceless she is now a fixed quantity and vociferous. Her suddenly gained freedom has made her feverish, restless, excited to do things. Her justification for what she has won, and her plea for still larger power, is her moral superiority. In England women ask for the vote because they frankly say men have not given them a "square deal," and only when women can legislate for themselves will the inequalities be removed. In America you hear much less of that, although the legal conception of women is derived from the old English jurisprudence. The American woman asks for the vote, and the political control it will bring, on the ground that morally she is

much better than man, that fundamentally man is an immoral animal and woman is moral, that if the world is to be reformed and made better, it must be brought about through the agency of woman. It is largely the temperamental difference between the English woman and her American sister, it is to some extent the difference between society in a democracy and where the class system exists. Hence, in America the new woman is a reformer, and the *raison d'être* for her being a new woman and all that the term implies, is the reforms she accomplishes, and especially those reforms which man, brutal and unmoral, accepts as the established order impossible to be interfered with or desirable to be changed.

The war has offered the new woman a fruitful field for her reforming energies. Man recognized his impotence to stop the war, but woman is undaunted. Hence, partly the strength of the present agitation to embargo the export of munitions. The women are in sympathy with the movement, it seems to them so eminently practical and righteous, the sort of thing women would do if they were in power, but which men, because of their distorted views, sneer at as unfair and illegal. The niceties of legal restraints have no terror for women. Hence the pilgrimage led by Miss Jane Addams to Europe and the Council of Women to stop the War.

Miss Jane Addams is a woman who has earned the respect of Americans because she has been a force for good, but she lost a great deal of her influence when she became a politician, and she has still further alienated the sympathy of her former admirers when she returned from her ill-conceived pilgrimage publicly to tell the American people that the men fighting on the battlefields of Europe had to be made drunk before they could be induced to



use the bayonet. This is the sort of foolish and unwarranted language Miss Addams used in addressing a public audience:

"Young men of Germany, France, and England would speak in honest fear and horror of the bayonet charge.

"Ah, the bayonet charge, it is what we fear,' they would say. To work up courage for the bayonet charge each nation uses a different intoxicant. In Germany they have a regular formula for it. The English use rum and the French resort to absinthe. In other words, before the terrible bayonet charges they speak of with dread the soldiers must be 'doped.'"

Being a woman has its limitations; it prevents her, among other things, from having an intimate knowledge of the real man. No doubt Miss Addams honestly believes what she told her audience, but it has been explained to her that rum-soaked soldiers are hardly in a condition to make a bayonet charge, and that men do not have to be "doped" to fight. But Miss Addams has not seen fit to retract her reflection upon the men who went through the bitter winter without complaining and have suffered from the heat without murmuring, and women without number believe she spoke the truth, and "the rum-soaked soldier" is a reality.

During the past year I have tried to make the readers of this Review appreciate the true state of American sentiment as it affects us, and I have especially cautioned them not to be misled by newspaper utterances which cannot be fairly considered as representative of national sentiment, no matter how precisely they may represent the views of a particular community. The New York *Tribune* gives advice every Englishman ought to take to heart if he really wants to understand America. What the *Tribune* says is entitled to respect because it is one

of the leading newspapers of this country, and it has been foremost in supporting the cause of the Allies. It speaks as a friend, and as a friend it must be listened to. The leader was written before the reception of the recent British Notes, and the *Tribune* expressed the hope that they would lead to a settlement of the differences between Great Britain and the United States. It added:

"There ought to be a clear perception in London of the American point of view, and there is no evidence on this side of the water that there is such a perception. This is easily explicable as a natural consequence of the state of mind produced by war. But there is, unfortunately, reason to believe it derives partially from a misunderstanding of the character of American sympathy with the Allied cause. Such misapprehension, if not removed, may ultimately lead to unfortunate consequences.

"Americans who sympathize with the Allies may be roughly divided into two wholly diverse groups. There are, first of all, not a few Americans whose personal affection for England or France, sentimental and sympathetic feeling for these two nations, makes them unreservedly champions of the Allied Arms. Many Americans desire England to win because they like England, feel a sense of loyalty to a nation bound to us by language, by literature and by a common history up to the latter half of the eighteenth century.

"Now this fraction of American opinion is not without influence, value, weight. It accepts the whole British cause without reservation, and it would be satisfied to see the United States join in the war on the British side, or at least so to interpret American rights as to give British naval operations the least possible hindrance. But it is necessary to point out that

this fraction of the American population is not more numerous or politically more influential than that which is of Germanic origin and is quite as intensely and devotedly German in its sympathies.

"What is essential for the English to remember is that the very much larger fraction of the American public, which is frankly pro-Ally, is not the least influenced by any personal or sentimental emotions. It desires the Allies to win because from the morning on which German soldiers entered Belgium it recognized in the German methods and in the German idea something wholly alien to the American vision. It decided then and definitely that the defeat of Germany was essential to civilization, humanity, liberty—American ideals quite as much as they are French or English."

The *Tribune* warns English public opinion not to be misled or to go astray and continues:

"The *Tribune* speaks with utter frankness as a newspaper which has steadily championed the Allies' cause, and believes that only in German defeat is there any escape from a return to the rule of force and the supremacy of brute strength. But it believes that British public opinion should realize the exact nature of the bulk of American sympathy for the Allied cause, and the terms on which it has been enlisted and the conditions on which it can remain of use to the Allied cause. . . .

"The mass of Americans are not, as a settled habit of mind, pro-British or pro-German. These are emotions confined to a few and due to unusual conditions. Thus our sympathy in the war grows out of the perception that it is a war of ideas, and that the American idea is wholly hostile to that which has been accepted by the Germans. But at the point where the British adopt the German idea—even in reprisal—we shall protest—even if

it affects property instead of life, and rights rather than existence. This, the *Tribune* believes, is the American point of view. It is not of any real import, then, whether the British regard it as right or wrong. What is of value now is that they should grasp it as a fact, even if they cannot accept it as correct.

"Many Englishmen have said and feel that America should lend every aid to England because she is fighting America's battle. This is the view of not a few Americans, but it is not the American point of view. The American point of view is that so far as the United States is able, it should resist every attack upon international law, and oppose to its uttermost extent all invasion of the rights of neutrals, whether by murder or arbitrary exercise of sea-power. American foreign policy will be shaped by this opinion. It should not be misunderstood in England, because such misunderstanding will simply play into the hands of those who are seeking to destroy American sympathy for the Allied cause for German reasons."

I have quoted this unusual article at more than ordinary length because it expresses so well what I have endeavored to impress upon English readers. Common sense requires us, as the *Tribune* so delicately suggests, that we look at America not through the eyes of Englishmen, but through the eyes of Americans. It is not what Englishmen would like America to say or do, but what Americans think they ought to say or do, and what they say or do will be governed by what they believe to be their own self-interests, precisely as we should if the circumstances were reversed. We may think America is wrong, that what she believes is in her interest, is, as a matter of fact, detrimental, and that history will sustain our verdict and prove the American mistake. That does not

matter. So long as Americans are satisfied to pursue a certain policy, to pursue that policy because it seems to them not only proper, but profitable—giving to that word no sordid meaning—we cannot convince them to the contrary. We shall, if we are sensible, not resent that decision, we shall, if our national interests demand it, pursue our own policy guided by the same considerations that control the United States, but no Englishman ought to expect Americans to consider their own country of less importance to them, than England and her Allies. Friendly as Americans may be, their friendship cannot be strained to the point of sacrifice.

There are some Americans willing to make sacrifices for England, there are other Americans who would not consider it a sacrifice because they know that if England goes down they can only stay up by doing what England neglected to do—their salvation rests not on "moral suasion" and the idle talk of foolish women, but in the fear strength alone inspires in an Army and Navy powerful enough to make them safe and to protect Latin America and the Monroe Doctrine from German assaults. But the great mass of Americans are not moved by such thoughts. They have no special affection for England, rather, in the belief of many competent observers, the feeling is one of dislike. We see the general trend of sentiment in the comments of the American Press on Sir Edward Grey's Notes, and the demand that Germany be permitted to purchase unlimited supplies of American cotton for military purposes.

Excepting those few newspapers whose sense of justice makes them see that England is simply doing now what the United States did in the last half of the last century, and that in blockading Germany through neutral ports England is merely following the exam-

ple set by the United States when it seized British ships carrying supplies to the Confederacy, the great mass of American newspapers find Sir Edward Grey's defence of British actions to be unsatisfactory, and insist that the United States must "stand on its rights" and be the champion of neutrals and the upholder of international law. That Sir Edward Grey has answered the American contention by citing American precedents and quoting decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, decisions which bore heavily on British commerce, but which were acquiesced in by the British Government, seems to count for little. The boot was on the other foot at that time. It was the United States that profited and England who was the victim. Now that the United States is asked to suffer some loss and inconvenience the decisions of the Supreme Court are conveniently forgotten and international law is given another construction.

It is gratifying to add the newspaper comment, in the main, has been temperate and attempts to arouse hostility against England are few. Even those papers that charge England with having violated international law no less than Germany make the distinction between a violation involving human life and an interference in trade. Murder, as one of these papers remarks, cannot be arbitrated, profits, actual or prospective lost can be made good.

Cotton was getting to be a very dangerous question and threatened the amicable relations of Anglo-American relations, until it was recently disposed of by the tardy action of the Allied Governments. Americans now have some slight understanding of the damage inflicted upon England by their Civil War when cotton was declared contraband, but American losses are trivial compared with those England had to stand. In fact, thus far the actual

American loss is too small to explain the anger aroused in the South; the exports, reckoned by bales, during the year of the war are practically the same as those of the year before, but the cotton has been sold at a lower price, for which England cannot be blamed. The Southern man is resentful because he cannot sell his cotton to Germany and get the benefit of war prices, the British blockade having the same effect on the price of cotton in Germany as the American blockade had on the price of cotton in England when at one time during the war, if my memory is not at fault, cotton sold in Liverpool at half a crown a pound, which of course was prohibitive. No one could afford to buy cotton goods made of half-crown cotton, so that the price simply brought the trade to a standstill, but Germany needing cotton not for domestic purposes, but to manufacture explosives, is prepared to pay whatever the American exporters may demand; and I am told on reliable authority a shipload of cotton delivered in a German port fetched five times the price in Liverpool. Quite naturally American cotton men enjoyed these handsome profits, and felt they were being discriminated against. Daily they read of the fortunes made by the manufacturers of munitions and other men having contracts with the Allied Governments, and as these factories are in the North the old Southern jealousy of the North again flames. If the North can make its millions out of the Allies why should not Germany be allowed to enrich the South? The South knows that Germany has money to buy cotton at an extravagant price, and it seems unfair, according to the Southern view, that the one thing Germany wants to buy, and the one thing the South has to sell should not be able to find its desirable market.

It would be easy to say that this unpleasant situation has been brought

about by bad management and the blunders of the British Government, but that would be unfair so long as all the facts are not known. Here it has never been understood why a blockade of Germany was not declared in the early months of the war and cotton was not declared contraband. Probably there were good reasons for this tender treatment of the enemy, but in that case it would have been better had the public been admitted to the Government's confidence. For months cotton went into Germany in large quantities, and the trade was carried on without concealment, the price cotton was bringing in Hamburg and Bremen being frequently quoted in American newspapers. The British Government virtually made the South believe it had a market for its cotton in Germany at a fictitious price, the cotton men no doubt regarded that price as secured to them, and subsequently they felt they had been deprived of their "vested rights" in the German cotton market. Had the British Government shown the same courage and decision as President Lincoln did, the South would have adjusted itself to conditions, and the problem would have been easier of solution.

President Lincoln was without consideration for either friend or foe, not because he was a man without feeling—and Lincoln's charity has become a heritage—but because he was animated by a single motive—to fight the war through to a successful conclusion in the shortest possible time. He did not palter, neither did he negotiate when action was necessary. There have been few men with a clearer vision than Lincoln, and it is impossible to believe that a man who could see so far in the future, whose statesmanship was so repeatedly shown, doubted for a single moment what the effect of his policy would be or the anger and im-

patience it would create in England. He was prepared to meet that. It was his country against the South in rebellion, the life of a nation against the injury to England, and only one course was possible. Lincoln went ahead, brutally it must have seemed to Englishmen at the time, but who can blame him? He made no offer of compensation, there is nothing to show he believed any obligation was imposed upon a belligerent to recompense a neutral for losses incident to war. In those days neutrals had to make the best of a bad job.

At last the Allied Government have done what should have been done a year ago. Various fantastic schemes were put forward by which Germany was to be prevented from receiving cotton and the American cotton grower to be saved from loss. I should be delighted to see such a scheme put into operation, but I fear it is impossible and unworkable, and it would be exceedingly dangerous and do very great harm if a crude and unpractical plan were adopted that would dispose of the question temporarily and revive it in more virulent form a few months later.

Germany's second answer to the *Lusitania* Note is no more satisfactory than the first, it has been answered with great firmness by the President, and there the matter rests for the present. The indignation caused by the destruction of the *Lusitania* has so completely cooled, that nothing could now blow it into the flame of war, although a second *Lusitania* tragedy would again throw the country into ferment, and some excitement has been aroused by the sinking of the *Arabic* and the intrigues of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, but it is well to bear in mind, that there is no war party in America, no great element of the population hungering for war. If Germany

could be made to suffer for all the wrongs and injuries and insults she has heaped upon the United States a great many Americans would rejoice exceedingly, but the vast majority would forego their revenge rather than see it inflicted at the cost of war. The country quite approves of the President showing firmness to Germany, of the use of the word "unfriendly" in a diplomatic despatch, but that is as far as it thinks he ought to go at this time. It is really a very curious situation. There is much feeling against Germany, but it is tempered by prudence; many Americans bitterly resent the way in which they have been humiliated by Germany, but they keep silent rather than give encouragement to jingoism. A year ago Americans would have talked somewhat lightly about war and at least made a good bluff, now they know how utterly unprepared for war they are, how idle it would be to bluff, and it has had a sobering effect. The patriot of a few years ago who declaimed about the United States being able to lick all creation is no more heard, but the man who has given study to the subject and shows that the United States has ammunition to last about a day under modern battle conditions is listened to with attention.

These things have made people think and convinced them that the old happy-go-lucky days when America need have no fear have gone. When Germany drew the sword a year ago she taught all the world a lesson that will not soon be forgotten. She taught the world the meaning of force and the value of preparation, and the United States has given heed. A year ago Congress was completely in control of the pacifists and the non-military men; the Democratic party was trying to win the favor of the country by its economy, and the easiest way to save the money was to starve the army and



navy. One of the most important questions to come before Congress when it meets in December will be the increase of the army in some degree proportionate to the size of the country, and a shipbuilding programme that will materially strengthen the fleet, especially where it is now lamentably weak.

Because of the attitude of the President towards the German Government, the Germans in America are against the President and the Democratic party. A shifty politician, whose only moral code was confined to the word success, might easily persuade himself that if he could rely on the German vote his victory was assured, and to oppose everything that Mr. Wilson supported was the surest means to gain that vote. The Germans evidently believe they will control the next Presidential election, and being singularly obtuse they have been stupid enough publicly to proclaim what they intend to do, and they have indulged in some vicious attacks on the President; one of their speakers having declared him a "political bankrupt." Nothing could help Mr. Wilson more. If the next election is to be a contest between Germans and Americans, between German ideas and American ideas; if the next President is to be representative of America or to be subservient to Germany, then the result is already determined. Americans are still in a

*The National Review.*

majority in their own country, and Americans without thought of party will rally to the support of an American President; they will forget prejudice, dislike, the petty things that politicians make much of at election time. If the Germans are fools enough to challenge America, America will meet the challenge in the only way it ought to be met.

I make this assertion without qualification. The temper of the public is too marked to be misunderstood. When a paper so firmly wedded to its Republican idols as the *New York Tribune*, to whom nothing has been good heretofore that came out of the Democratic household, tells its readers, "There is just one thing for Republicans to do. Their support of a President defending American lives and rights must be complete and unflinching. American Republicans must replace German Democrats in the national alignment," it is not merely a warning to Germans, but it is an exhortation to Americans. I can think of nothing so almost inconceivable as the *New York Tribune* supporting a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and yet between a Democratic candidate voicing America and a Republican the puppet of the Kaiser, the *Tribune* would not hesitate. Nor would millions of Americans who were born Americans and have not acquired a hyphen.

*A. Maurice Low.*

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### THE THIRD WAR BUDGET.

Adjectives of magnitude have been well-nigh exhausted over the figures of the September Budget. They have been described as "unprecedented," "colossal," and "enormous," and at least one writer has employed Dominie Sampson's favorite exclamation, "Prodigious!" If these hard-worked adjectives

had not become somewhat meaningless by everyday use we might say that they were appropriate to the occasion. For certain it is that the Third War Budget deals with an estimated expenditure and a tax revenue such as no country has ever had an experience of before. There had been ominous



rumblings for some weeks and forecasts of heavy burdens which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had in store, and for once in a way the labors of the mountain have not resulted in the birth of a ridiculous mouse. Taxation, to use Mr. McKenna's own phrase, "on a scale never before imposed," is imperative for carrying on the War, and the reading public must have anticipated the "heavy and unprecedented burdens" which our vast expenditure entails. It is now estimated that this expenditure for the current financial year will amount to 1,590,000,000*l.*, or 457,000,000*l.* more than Mr. Lloyd George anticipated in his May Budget. To class the whole of this as war expenditure in the strict sense of the term is hardly accurate, since 423,000,000*l.* of the total consists of loans to Allies and Dominions, 36,000,000*l.* is on account of Moratorium bills, and 56,000,000*l.* represents food supplies and minor items. The loans, or at all events the greater part of them, will be repaid sooner or later, and with regard to the food purchased a large proportion of this is re-sold by the Government, presumably not at a loss. Deducting these three amounts, we get an actual war expenditure of about 1,075,000,000*l.* There is only too much reason to believe that even this reduced amount is much greater than it ought to be. Instances have been given in the public Press, or mentioned in Parliament, of gross extravagance amounting to sheer waste in connection with the feeding of the Army, while in many of their purchases of munitions, horses, and equipment the Government have had to pay through the nose to greedy profiteers and self-seeking go-betweens. That these weak spots are known justifies the hope that they will not occur in the future. For the present we have to take the figures as they are put before us and to accept the estimate of gross expen-

diture for the year at 1,590,000,000*l.*

What is there on the revenue side of the account? On the basis of the November taxation, which, it will be recollected, doubled the income tax and put additional duties on tea and beer, Mr. Lloyd George estimated that the revenue for the year ending the 31st of March 1916 would be 267,232,000*l.* The experience of the past six months has justified a more favorable estimate, and it is now expected that the new taxation will be 68½ millions instead of 65 millions, that there will be other improvements, and that the total revenue will reach 272,000,000*l.* But an anticipated improvement of about five millions in revenue does not go far towards meeting an increase in expenditure over the May estimate of 450,000,000*l.* What was shown on the old basis was a prospective deficit of 1,318,000,000*l.* It was not to be expected that a very formidable reduction of this figure could be achieved in a supplementary Budget covering only six months of the year. Nevertheless, Mr. McKenna might have done a little more in this respect, for the sum-total of his changes, so far as this year is concerned, is to bring the deficit down from 1,318,000,000*l.* to 1,285,000,000*l.* In the next financial year the new revenue will show a much better result, and instead of the 31,000,000*l.* for this year the new taxes will then produce 102,000,000*l.*

The latter figure should therefore be taken as the proper basis of comment. It is made up of 25,070,000*l.* from Customs and Excise and 77,085,000*l.* from Inland Revenue; or, to put the matter in another way, the proportion of direct new taxation to indirect is roughly as 77 is to 25. Mr. McKenna's aim was to diminish imports, lessen consumption, and obtain revenue. His choice of method was therefore not dictated by the question of expenditure

alone. He had to take into consideration the alarming excess of our trade imports over our exports and re-exports, and the disagreeable effect it has had upon the rate of exchange. This excess amounted, for the eight months January to August, to 254,898,000*l.*; whereas for the whole of 1913—the last complete pre-War year—the excess was only 72,600,000*l.* Part of the new difference is caused by exceptional purchases of American foodstuffs and munitions, and to some extent these are no doubt reflected in the expenditure figures. For the same period our imports of bullion and specie declined, as compared with 1913, by 36,566,000*l.*, and the excess of such imports over exports was reduced from 16,627,000*l.* to 1,307,000*l.* The total deficit, therefore, is 256,205,000*l.*, which has to be met out of either capital or savings. Although the wonderful volume of merchandise imports (573,737,000*l.* for the eight months) is an eloquent testimony to the effective protection of our overseas commerce, and incidentally to the insignificance of the submarine menace, it is, nevertheless, a very serious symptom from the financial point of view, inasmuch as a difference between imports and exports, at the rate of about 380,000,000*l.* a year, has to be met in some way or other: by interest on our foreign investments, by banking and other services rendered to foreigners, by the money spent here by tourists from abroad, by the sale of foreign securities, by the shipment of gold, and by borrowing money for a definite period in the creditor countries. But prevention is easier than cure, and something must be done to arrest the future growth of imports. It must be allowed that the increased values do not necessarily represent proportionately larger quantities; in many notable instances they are due quite as much to the higher prices

which, owing to the War, are commanded by leading commodities. The economic machinery of the whole world, and in a marked degree that of the belligerent countries, has been thrown out of gear, the demand for foodstuffs and raw materials required for war purposes has become immeasurably larger, and prices have been rushed up by foreign traders. Exports, at the same time, have fallen off, notwithstanding that Germany's maritime disability has thrown open many important markets to her competitors. Not only are our goods necessarily excluded from the enemy countries, but our Allies also are crippled in their general purchasing power as distinct from military equipment. A large part of the manufacturing resources of the United Kingdom has latterly been diverted from the ordinary channels and applied to the production of military supplies, with a corresponding decrease in the output of exportable merchandise. And, to make matters worse, the Admiralty have taken over a large number of merchant ships as transports, with the effect of increasing freights all over the world, and many of the ships have been kept idle for long periods, to the consequent, though unavoidable, detriment of our export trade. We have, further, Sir A. Mond's authority for saying that a large amount of valuable export trade has been lost to this country through quite unnecessary and foolish restrictions by Government departments, and by delay in supplying licenses.

The adverse balance of trade reached its crucial point in our commerce with the United States, seriously affecting the rate of exchange. Our imports from the States for the twelve months ended June 30 last (including ten months of war) exceeded our exports to the States by nearly 135,000,000*l.* The position at the end of August was an anxious one, and the American ex-

change, after a continuous drop, fell on the first of September as low as 4.48 dollars, or .38 of a dollar below the normal figure of 4.86 dollars. This meant a depreciation of nearly 7 per cent in the purchasing power of the British sovereign in America. It meant further that if our custom was to be so heavily penalized it might become necessary to buy in countries where the conditions were less unfavorable. It was therefore quite as much to the interest of American exporters as to that of English commerce to discover some plan of restoring the exchange other than that of remitting the balance in gold. America did not, and does not, want our gold. She has an abundance of her own. It has been estimated that a quarter of the world's gold production finds a permanent home in the United States. This estimate is to some extent warranted by the officially recorded fact that during the last eighteen years there was an excess of gold imports over exports averaging 2,500,000*l.* per annum, and during the same period the production of America's own mines has averaged 17,500,000*l.* a year.

The question of restoring the exchange otherwise than by sending away our gold had therefore become an urgent one, but it was with the future rather than with the present aspects of the question that Mr. McKenna had to deal. His object is to restrict imports especially of luxuries, to discourage extravagance, and at the same time to find money with the least amount of economic disturbance. To effect this he hits all round. No class escapes. The income-tax is increased by 40 per cent, the exemption limit is reduced so as to bring in the wage-earner from 50*s.* a week upwards, the abatements are lowered, the super-tax is brought down heavily on the rich, excess war-time profits are to be shared equally with the State, we shall all have to

pay more for our tea, sugar, cocoa, tobacco, and dried fruits, also for our motor spirit and patent medicines, and certain specified articles of foreign manufacture are to pay an import duty of one third of their value. The additional taxes on tea and sugar will amount to 16,000,000*l.* a year, and the bulk of these will fall on the class of most circumscribed means. And while the rents of big houses are going down, those of the workmen's homes are going up. Even before the new taxes the cost of living had increased 34 per cent.

It cannot be said that the basis of taxation has been very much broadened by these proposals, or that the revenue will be greatly benefited by the increase in non-tax revenue to be derived by making postage, telegrams, and telephones dearer. There was plenty of room for new departures, but Mr. McKenna excused himself for not adopting some of the useful suggestions made to him by pleading that the existing machinery for collection did not make them practicable. We certainly do not require another new army of Government officials, but surely the gentlemen who are employed in connection with land valuation could be liberated if necessary for more useful work. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the Budget is not what it contains but what it does not contain. Nearly all the newspaper Chancellors and financial quidnuncs made up their minds that there would be further taxation of beer and spirits. A few of them even committed themselves to the amounts that would be raised by this method. Yet beer and spirits go by unattacked. Some Englishmen say that beer is too highly taxed in comparison with whisky, and some Irishmen say that whisky is too highly taxed in comparison with beer. Mr. McKenna does not appear to share either view. Perhaps he thinks that

to go much further would be to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; perhaps he knows that the trade, particularly the brewery trade, has been harder hit than most people are aware of. In a later speech, he explained that he could not put a higher duty on whisky without at the same time increasing the duty on beer, and this in view of the heavy burdens already imposed he was not inclined to do. Moreover, the Government have the whole subject of Drink under consideration, and a comprehensive measure is to be introduced later in the session. If the effect of this be still further to restrict consumption—which is what is aimed at—the consequent loss of revenue will have to be made up in some other way.

The principal result of the Chancellor's self-imposed limitations is that he visits the income-tax payer once more, and casts his net wider than ever. There was a general expectation that weekly wages would be taxed. As a matter of fact they have always been liable, but have magnanimously been allowed to escape. Now every working-man earning 2*l.* 10*s.* a week or more is to make a quarterly contribution to the State. The professional man, the tradesman, the merchant, and the salaried servant will pay (half-yearly if he chooses), on earned incomes over 130*l.* a year, 2*s.* 1*d.* in the £ next year, and the unearned income will pay 3*s.* 6*d.*; and half of these amounts are payable this year. Incomes over 8000*l.* a year are to be privileged by means of the super-tax to contribute as generously as their owners would no doubt desire to the cost of the War. Almost the first thing one tries to do is to consider the equitability of these several burdens in relation to one another. Let us look at the two ends of the scale. A work ing-man with no children earning 55*s.* a week will pay income tax of 2*l.* 8*s.*

4*d.* a year; a millionaire with an income of 100,000*l.* will pay 34,029*l.* a year. The man with 100,000*l.* will still have about 66,000*l.* left, and the man with 55*s.* a week will have 140*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* left. The former will no doubt have to do without some things he would like, but he is not hit, as far as necessities go, in the same degree as the latter is. It is the lower middle class, however, with taxable incomes who will feel most acutely the pinch of the new duties on tea, sugar, and tobacco. The clerk at 140*l.*, or the small shopkeeper, or the struggling author on the same financial footing, has to pay his 2*s.* 1*d.* in the £ on 20*l.*, while at the same time the cost of living is increased to him by 4*d.* a lb. on his tea, ½*d.* a lb. on his sugar, and from 1½*d.* to 2½*d.* an oz. on his tobacco. So far as the skilled artisan is concerned, there cannot be two opinions as to the reasonableness of asking him to pay out of his 3*l.*, 4*l.* or 5*l.* a week something to the State. In many cases his wages are, at least partly, in the nature of war profits. A weekly wage of 4*l.* will involve a tax of 9*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* a year, or about 10½*d.* in the £; whereas an income of 5000*l.* involves a tax of 4*s.* 1½*d.* in the £. The man with 3000*l.* a year will now pay 525*l.* instead of 375*l.*, whereas the man with only 200*l.* a year will pay 2*s.* 1*d.* in the £ on 80*l.* against 1*s.* 6*d.* in the £ on 40*l.*, an increase of 178 per cent. Nevertheless, on the whole the task of graduation seems to have been carefully and fairly worked out, and even if there be occasional cases of hardship the cause in which it is inflicted is of such a nature that everyone will try to endure it, not merely with resignation but with willingness.

There is no need to go minutely into the details of the scheme for giving relief in special cases. That they are incorporated in the Budget is a clear

proof that the Chancellor has taken into consideration the devastating effects of the War on many trading incomes. While the makers of everything wanted for the Army and Navy have been reaping a golden harvest, dealers in luxuries, and in articles which, though not luxuries, are no longer in remunerative demand, have suffered so severely that their profits have fallen much below the previous average and in some cases have been turned into a loss. The statement that since August 1914 fourteen shops in Bond Street have fallen vacant, that Fleet Street has had a similar experience, and that between Kew Bridge and Hammersmith Broadway seventy-four shops to be let were recently counted, tells its own tale. In every part of London and its suburbs, it is asserted, "the trading machinery of the Metropolis is breaking down." Not only in London, but in many other parts of the country outside the muni-

tion areas, there are a vast number of void shops and tenantless houses. This indicates loss of rents, loss of profits, and diminished incomes. Then, many authors, journalists, actors, stock-brokers, musicians, artists, barristers, and others have experienced a grievous drop in their earned incomes, and investors have also been badly hit by dividend defaults. Cases of this kind will be met to some extent by the provision that the whole of the additional income-tax will be repayable, in the event of any individual proving that his actual income from all sources is less by one fifth than the income on which he has paid the present tax.

It may be well to summarize here the main features of the tax. All incomes over 130*l.* a year, whether salary or wage, will be taxed. This will add about 700,000 persons to the list of income-tax payers. The abatements in the case of incomes between 130*l.* and 700*l.* will be as follows:

		Abatement	
Exceeding	Not exceeding	Old	New
£	£	£	£
130 . . .	400 . . .	160 . . .	120 . . .
400 . . .	600 . . .	150 or 120 . . .	100 . . .
600 . . .	700 . . .	70 . . .	70 . . .

This and next year the rates of income-tax will be as under:

	Present rate	This year	Next year
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Earned income . . . . .	1 6	1 9 3-5	2 11-5
Unearned Income . . . . .	2 6	3 0	3 6

Allowance for children will continue to be claimed by persons whose total income does not exceed 500*l.*, 20*l.* being free of tax in respect of each child under sixteen years of age. Since the beginning of the War the tax on earned incomes has very nearly trebled, and so also has that on unearned incomes. Putting together the additions in the first and third Budgets we get an extra contribution on account of income-tax and super-tax of 103,085,000*l.*

The Chancellor expects to get an additional 2,240,000*l.* a year by assessing

farmers on the rent paid instead of, as hitherto, on one third of the rent. This opens up a large and important question. Anything which may tend to check the enterprise of the farmer at the present time is to be regretted. To explain this it is necessary to revert to the American exchange question. Whatever temporary expedients may be adopted in order to alleviate the situation, it is clear that, so far as Britain is concerned, the only real cure would be such a change in our agricultural conditions as would en-



able us to do with less food produce from abroad, and especially with less wheat from America. The larger cultivation of wheat in this country is, however, a question of time, capital, and confidence. It is, so far, gratifying to find that, without any special inducements to farmers or promises of Government assistance, there were 363,000 more acres under wheat cultivation in June last than at the corresponding period of 1914, and 469,000 more than in 1913. The estimated crop of the total wheat acreage for this year is 8,250,000 quarters, an increase of something like 1,000,000 quarters. This is a satisfactory improvement, though not an overwhelming one. Our population requires 35,000,000 quarters of wheat annually, or nearly 25,000,000 quarters more than we grow. In 1913 the value of wheat and flour that had to be imported to make up our home deficiency

was 50,000,000*l.*, in addition to which we imported 30,500,000*l.* worth of other cereals. Bread is the prime necessary of life, and if we could still further increase the wheat acreage by ploughing up pasture land, and thus reduce the foreign supply and confine it more particularly to our own Dominions, this would be an important factor in a permanent adjustment of the balance of trade. But man, in a very literal sense, does not live by bread alone. We import, even in normal times, enormous quantities of other foods. In 1913 we paid 54,500,000*l.* for foreign and colonial meat, 24,000,000*l.* for foreign butter, 4,000,000*l.* for margarine, 7,000,000*l.* for cheese, 9,500,000*l.* for eggs, 6,000,000*l.* for lard, 24,000,000*l.* for sugar, and 17,000,000*l.* for raw fruits and vegetables. The following table shows our home and imported supplies of some of the principal food-stuffs:

	Home Supply	Net Imported Supply	Total
	Cwts.	Cwts.	Cwts.
Beef and Veal <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	16,498,000	9,532,000	26,030,000
Mutton and Lamb <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	6,434,000	5,209,000	11,643,000
Pig Meat <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	8,155,000	5,734,000	13,889,000
Wheat . . . . .	29,557,558	122,514,426	152,071,984
Barley . . . . .	24,565,397	22,439,248	47,004,645
Oats . . . . .	26,408,780	18,162,663	44,571,443
Beans and Peas . . . . .	5,947,238	3,518,720	9,465,958
Potatoes . . . . .	57,889,300	9,105,164	66,994,464

It is a significant fact that the imported foodstuffs in 1914 amounted in value to 6*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* per head of the population, a figure that will be greatly increased when the full results for 1915 are available.

Although the Cabinet has rejected the recommendation of the Milner Committee that a minimum price for wheat should be guaranteed for five years, so that farmers might be encouraged to turn their pasture into arable land, the agricultural interest is nevertheless moving of its own accord in the right direction. If the wheat

area were increased to 4,500,000 acres we should be able to produce half our wheat supply at home instead of about a fifth only. Fifty years ago we did cultivate something like 4,500,000 acres of wheat, and what has been done once can be done again. The plain truth is that the land is not producing enough food, and this has a great deal to do with the preponderance of our imports. Germany has 65,000,000 acres of arable and only 21,000,000 acres of pasture, the latter representing 20 per cent of her cultivated area as against our 60 per cent. Agriculture here has been checked, discouraged, and re-

<sup>1</sup> For the twelve months ended June 4, 1914.



stricted in favor of manufactures, and now we are reaping the fruits of the neglect. Before the War we had 1,350,000 men engaged in agriculture; Germany, with a population about two thirds as large again as ours, had no fewer than 10,000,000. In view of these facts it would hardly seem to be an opportune time to tax the farming interest to the extent of an additional  $2\frac{1}{4}$  millions a year. That interest is fortunately a very patriotic one, and we must indulge the hope that the burden will not put a stop to the movement for growing more wheat. Farmers have made excellent profits of late out of the War, and as they are exempt from the operation of the Excess Profits Tax, they must make the best of the new conditions.

In connection with direct taxation the most novel move of the Government is that of taxing war-time profits. All trades, manufactures, concerns in the nature of trade and business, *including agencies*, whether engaged in the manufacture or sale of war materials or not, whose profits exceeded those of the previous year by more than 100% are to pay a special tax of 50 per cent of such profit. In most cases the datum line will be the known average of profit assessed to income-tax for 1914-15; but if the profit for 1914-15 is less than 6 per cent on the capital employed, then that percentage may be taken as the datum line. An independent tribunal will decide on the datum line for businesses for carrying out Government contracts for munitions which, before the War, earned less than a fair return on their capital. Interest will also be allowed on additional capital invested within the War period. And on capital invested in the three years before the War which was unremunerative during that period. These exceptions or allowances do not invalidate the important principle estab-

lished in the new tax—the principle that the State has a right to share in the profits made out of the emergency of the State. As the 50 per cent will be reckoned in addition to the income-tax, it works out, after deducting the latter, at just over 60 per cent net of the profits. For the current year its operation is limited to the business year of those firms or companies making up their balance sheets on or before the 30th of June last. This limitation will restrict the product of the tax for 1915-16, and it is not expected to yield more than 6,000,000 $\text{\$}$ , but for 1916-17 a much larger number of firms will come under its operation, and then a revenue of 30,000,000 $\text{\$}$  is looked for; an estimate that appears to err on the side of over-restraint. It is even predicted in some quarters that shipping alone will furnish more than that amount.

Mr. McKenna does not confine himself to limiting people's power to spend; he goes further and limits their opportunity. Any interference with the imports of foods and raw materials would, in existing circumstances, be fraught with the public danger of a shortage, and even in other circumstances the subject would be a controversial and thorny one. Imports of manufactured goods are in a different category. In a number of cases we could do without them, and in most others we could make the things equally as well, and perhaps better, at home. And this brings us to the boldest of Mr. McKenna's Customs changes. He has thrown over the "fiscal theory" of Free Trade without throwing himself into the arms of the Tariff Reformer. He does not "go the whole hog," but he makes a significant beginning. It is not so much the amount that he will get from taxing certain manufactured imports—motor cars and motor cycles, cinema films, clocks and watches, musical instruments, plate-

glass, and hats of all kinds—(the revenue is very uncertain, but the Chancellor hopes to get 1,950,000*l.* in a full year)—as the recognition and acceptance of a principle. That principle is "Get money for national purposes from those persons who at the moment can best afford to pay." Expenditure on luxuries is a folly at the present time, but expenditure on foreign luxuries is a greater folly at any time. The strict Cobdenite will no doubt criticise a policy that may have the indirect effect of "protecting" a few British manufacturers and enabling them to put up their prices; but the strongest comments that have been made are by those who complain not that the list of dutiable manufactures is too long but that it is not long enough. So far as it goes, though, it is good. All the things enumerated, with the exception perhaps of clocks and watches and hats, are things we need not spend money upon; and if we must have watches and clocks and hats we can buy those made by our own countrymen. A duty of a third of the value will do one of two things; it will either kill these particular imports, in which case our trade balance will be less unfavorable, or it will bring in an appreciable revenue to the State and thereby do something to counteract the inconvenience of having to send money abroad. It is particularly gratifying to see that cinema films are included. Owing to the absence of any import duty, the American manufacturers have almost monopolized the English market, and if something had not been done to equalize opportunities the British film-maker would soon have been competed out of existence. Whether the *ad valorem* principle is the most suitable for such things as films appears to be disputed. Foreign motor cars and foreign hats are things that can be dispensed with. If people insist on being unpatriotic and buying

them, they must pay the 33 1-3 per cent duty. If ladies cannot be forced to be economical, they can at least be prevented from extravagance—in the matter of what is "commonly defined as head-gear."

The estimated increase of non-tax revenue, 4,975,000*l.* in a full year, is obtained by some very drastic and discouraging changes. The abolition of the halfpenny postcard will not only be a widely-felt inconvenience, but it will be a serious blow to the picture-postcard industry as well. Apart from the consequences to the picture-card trade, is the game worth the candle? The deliveries of postcards in the United Kingdom are about 100,000,000 a year, which brings in over 200,000*l.* Is it likely, if the minimum postage is raised to a penny, that the same amount will be obtained? This proposal is the one serious flaw in the Budget, and at the time of writing it seems probable that the Chancellor will have to bow to public opinion and withdraw it. The universal experience has been that the cheaper the postal facilities, the greater and more profitable the business. It is to be hoped that the converse of the proposition will not unpleasantly assert itself over these economies. Newspapers are no longer to go for a halfpenny. The penny letter stamp is to carry only 1 oz. instead of 4 oz., there is to be a new scale for parcels post, sixpenny telegrams are to become ninepenny, Press telegram rates are to be put on a self-supporting basis, postal orders below half-a-crown are to be charged a penny poundage, and telephone charges are to be increased. As most of these changes have been recommended by the Retrenchment Committee of the House of Commons, we must suppose there are irrefutable reasons in favor of them. It does seem a little curious, though, that just when France was on the point of assenting to penny postage to and

from England, England herself should be moving in a reactionary direction.

The complete result, or anticipated result, of these various new taxes will be practically to double tax revenue since the War began. German statesmen and editors make a boast of the fact that so far they have not raised any War funds by taxation. That is true, but — Mr. Hope, M.P., notwithstanding — they are pursuing the far less commendable course of raising the money by loans and by "hanky-panky" manipulations of currency paper. Dr. Helfferich, the Imperial Minister of Finance, recently admitted that he dared not impose further taxation, and it is a fair inference that he knew any such proposals would be futile—that the burdens of the German taxpayers are already as heavy as they can bear. We, too, might have carried on the War on loans without new taxation, and left posterity to foot the whole bill, but we have "chosen the better part." When the financial day of reckoning comes it will be found that the countries that have met at least a portion of their war expenditure out of revenue are in the sounder position. We cannot meet it all out of revenue. The combined deficits of 1913-14 and 1914-15 amount to 1,619,000,000*l.*, and this added to the amount of the pre-War debt, and allowing for effects of conversion and loss on stock issued at discount, results in an estimated total debt on the 31st of March next of 2,200,000,000*l.* Votes of credit for 1,012,000,000*l.* have already been passed, and the last of these will only carry us up to the third week in November. Mr. McKenna foreshadowed further taxation and another loan. We have already borrowed for War purposes 350,000,000*l.* and 600,000,000*l.*

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the interest and sinking fund for which will be over 60,000,000*l.* a year. And still the expenditure is mounting up, and is expected to reach nearly 5,000,000*l.* a day towards the close of the financial year. It is not a position that even the most thoughtless can contemplate without seriousness. It may be doubted if the great mass of the people even now, notwithstanding the explanations and elucidations that have been so liberally given, quite realize the magnitude of our task and the probable extent of our sacrifices. The grim fact that after an expenditure of so many millions by Great Britain alone, without counting that of our Allies, we are, in a military sense, ostensibly no nearer victory than we were twelve months ago, ought to serve as a prod to make us endeavor to grasp the financial and economic bearings of the struggle in which, unless every man quits himself well, we must perish. To understand is to appreciate; to appreciate is to act. "Our greatest resource," said Mr. McKenna, "is in the continued willingness of the whole people to pay their share." When everyone understands that the burdens of taxation must be accepted largely because they limit our power to consume, that willingness will be even more alert and evident than it is now. "Never has there been such a country in history" is Mr. McKenna's fine tribute to the willingness of the people. It finds an eloquent counterpart in the French journal *La Liberté*, which says: "The beauty of the thing lies in the hugeness of the burdens which the Commons unanimously voted in a single sitting, without hesitation or discussion. A people animated by such magnificent determination is invincible."

H. J. Jennings.

## *The Happy Hunting Ground.*

### THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

#### CHAPTER XX.

Lady Wendover came in very late for luncheon. It was Saturday, and Monday would be Christmas Day, a fact that harassed her mind, entailing, as it did, much strenuous forethought in the matter of housekeeping arrangements. She had a cold, and neuralgia—the result of a toilsome week in and out of crowded, airless shops. With the procrastination of age she had delayed the buying of her presents till the last; and then, with the intractability of overstrained nerves, had refused to depute Caroline to select the Christmas-boxes for the servants, the little remembrances for old friends, and all the Christmas cards she persisted in posting every year, partly, perhaps, for the very reason that the custom was now looked upon as old-fashioned. But the custom in Lady Wendover's case was fraught with fatigue, for she preferred to pick out an appropriate card for each individual, instead of having her greetings printed wholesale; though on one occasion, which Sir James never allowed her to forget, she had by accident sent to a comparatively recent acquaintance a card inscribed with the invidious motto, "Old Friends are Best."

This morning, eluding prevention, she had gone out to order some forgotten provisions, and now she came into the dining-room, cold and querulous, fumbling with numbed hands at the buttons of her fur coat, entangling her muff-chain, and denouncing Bank Holidays.

"We shall be practically in a state of siege for three days," she complained, "and somehow one always orders in either too much or too little. I know it sounds dreadful—but I can-

not look forward to Christmas in England."

"Be thankful it comes but once a year," said Rose Wendover idly. She was so far better as to be able to come downstairs by luncheon-time, and the doctor hoped she would be strong enough, a little later, to go abroad for the rest of the winter. Nevertheless, she looked like a wraith of her former self, which at best had never been solidly inclined.

"In India it was such a delightful time," went on Lady Wendover, "bright sunshine, and everybody cheerful."

Sir James walked to the window while Caroline helped to release her grandmother from her wraps. The outlook was blurred by a cold yellow fog that had something malignant in its stillness.

"We certainly haven't got the sunshine," he remarked ruefully, "but are we all so very dismal?"

Lady Wendover sat down to the table and said urgently, "Come along, luncheon's ready," as though it were she who had been kept waiting.

Mentally Sir James felt bound to admit that they did not look a very cheerful party, whatever their feelings. Rose so palpably the invalid; Carol, who seemed to have lost her energy and brightness, he supposed because she was separated from her husband; his wife tired and seedy, worrying herself to fiddle-strings over food, and shopping, and the usual Christmas nonsense—decorations and plum puddings and crackers, and the turkey, and the servants' "tamasha" downstairs. He wished she would stop harping on the difference between Christmas in India and in England; it made him

remember the jolly old days with a wistful regret that was depressing to the spirits.

"Now just think, yourself, of this time last year," Lady Wendover was saying to her daughter-in-law. "Didn't you have all the doors open, even if you had a fire? And the servants in their clean clothes, and the delicious air outside, and the smell of flowers, and no bother with shops and Bank Holidays."

"Even then," argued Rose, "there was a frightful lot to do and think of with a big dinner-party in the evening. I always notice when people have been home any time they only talk of the pleasant side of Indian life, and appear to forget all the hardships. Perhaps it is just as well, or nobody would venture out there if they heard too much about the heat and the banishment, and the dangers and the difficulties! We had a very worrying day last Christmas, didn't we, Carol?"

Caroline agreed silently, and Rose, remembering too late that it had been the day of her engagement to John Severn, wished she had not been so thoughtless as to appeal to her. Though she knew that the separation between husband and wife was inevitable as long as Carol's attitude of passivity continued, she was yet in doubt as to her niece's true feelings. She could not believe that Carol still cherished the memory of Max Falconer in her heart in face of his evil behavior, but so far she had not been able to extract from Carol the smallest desire for reconciliation with John. Carol had confided facts to her but not feelings, and Rose was only waiting for some indication on the girl's part of any tenderness towards her husband to write and urge John to make the first advances. She felt sure he would be only too ready to do so, had he the least hope of response. Now that the note of reminiscence had been

sounded, she watched Carol covertly, but as usual, to Rose's disgust, she sat frigid, apparently unmoved, listening to her grandmother.

"This morning the streets seemed to be full of beggars. I don't know how many pennies I didn't give away; and the shop people were all so cross and distracted, and wouldn't promise anything. By the way, I went to Blake's to order some more holly and oranges, and I found poor Mrs. Blake in a very bad way, really not fit to be up and in the shop. It's absurd that she doesn't have extra help at such a busy time, for she must be well able to afford it. The business is such a good one in its way. But people in that class of life are so helpless and obstinate. I told her that she ought to be in bed, and I promised her I would take her round some of your cough mixture, James, this afternoon, for she owned she was getting no sleep."

"My dear, you can't go out again," said Sir James severely. "It's ridiculous. You must send one of the servants."

"I can't spare anybody this afternoon," was Lady Wendover's perverse reply.

"Then I suppose I shall have to go myself," Sir James spoke with long-suffering patience, and summoned his own cough, which he found very useful on occasions.

Caroline opened her lips as though to speak, shut them again, hesitated, and said finally, "I will go if you like."

"Bravo, Carol!" encouraged her grandfather, with patent relief. "Though I must say I can't see why any of us should turn out in this weather because a she-green grocer has a cold and won't go to bed."

"I promised her she should have some of the cough mixture," repeated Lady Wendover fractiously, "and really she does require it."

Caroline said, "Don't worry, Granny."



Of course I don't in the least mind taking it to her."

But it was with inward reluctance that she started after tea, a small parcel in her hand containing the time-honored mixture that had certainly failed to remove Sir James's cough during the past twenty years, and therefore seemed hardly likely to cure Mrs. Blake's. Caroline had avoided the little shop since her return to England, having an almost superstitious feeling about entering it. Was it not most curiously associated with the cloud on her life? First in connection with the morning on which she had met Max Falconer, clandestinely, in Kensington Gardens; then with the news of his appointment in India, which had thrown her into a fever of hope that was only to be blighted as time went on; then, almost immediately on her arrival in England, wretched, ashamed, despairing, the mention of Blake's had aggravated her soreness of spirit; and again when she had gone out into the streets, in a passion of regret and remembrance, she had suddenly found herself confronted by the shop, and by the vision of Mrs. Blake bending over her desk!

As she turned into the Earl's Court Road Caroline endeavored to clear her mind of the grotesque notion that in some mysterious way Blake's was bound up with the history of her life; and when she reached the shop and saw young Blake, his red hair in disorder, frantically filling paper bags, and baskets, assisted by a foolish-looking youth, she smiled at her own fantastic fancies.

The shop was in confusion, the shelves were nearly empty, and a choking dust hazed the gas-lit atmosphere. Evidently young Blake was working against time. He came forward as Caroline crossed the threshold, and his harried expression relaxed to one of interested recognition. Here was the

young lady who had always put him in mind of Miss Dawson—he had heard she was back from foreign parts and married; but she wasn't a patch on Miss Dawson now—no color in her cheeks and not 'alf enough flesh on her bones.

"The boy was just going round with the order, miss," he hastened to explain, assuming she had come in irate pursuit of the holly and the oranges that had been promised for not later than four o'clock, and were still reposing in a basket by the desk.

Caroline reassured him rather diffidently. Sojourn in India, where white people of a different class are seldom encountered, sometimes creates a slight feeling of awkwardness in those who have lately left the country towards such people, just because they are English. Caroline was now vaguely conscious of the sensation, and she remembered a laughing admission of her grandfather's—that he had never known how to address the maidservants when he first arrived home!

"How is Mrs. Blake?" she inquired. "Lady Wendover has sent her something for her cough," and she tendered the little parcel.

Poor Sam Blake looked troubled and apprehensive. The errand-boy stopped working and stared with round eyes, his cheeks inflated, the picture of stupidity.

"She's very bad, miss, I'm afraid, and she won't let me send for the doctor. She went upstairs after dinner, and there's been no time to see to her since." He hesitated helplessly, and Caroline divined the relief it would be to the young man were she to offer to go up and reason with his mother. It crossed her mind that Mrs. Blake was apparently as difficult and irrational in sickness as was her own grandmother.

"Would you like me to take the medicine up to her and see what I can



do?" she suggested, on an impulse of sympathy.

Sam snatched at the proposal; his mother might listen to "class," though she refused to "mind" anything he could say. He hastily opened a door at the back of the shop and invited her to climb a steep wooden staircase covered with cracked linoleum.

"The door on the first landing, miss, and mind the steps," he said gratefully.

In the dim light Caroline ascended almost on her hands and knees. At the top a black cat arose and spat at her and then fled, scrambling up a further flight. She opened the door on the right and found herself in a square room, divided from another room of the same size by curtains of some dark material that were looped back with cords and tassels—a genteel little dining-room and drawing-room. Evidently this was the dining-room, for a small square table almost filled the room, and chairs, upholstered in red American cloth, were ranged on either side. There was a sideboard, with wineglasses on it, little ferns in china pots, and dried grasses in colored vases. Above the mantelpiece was a stuffed pheasant in a glass case. Everything was clean and tidy and in order, but so depressingly unattractive—like superior "apartments." From the inner room came the sound of someone speaking loud and fast.

Caroline peered between the curtains into a room of much the same description, only that it was more elaborately furnished with basket chairs and whatnots, and bamboo tables, and a multitude of little ornaments. Mrs. Blake, a knitted shawl over her shoulders, was seated by a fire that burned badly in a high, old-fashioned grate. All her spruceness was gone, her still luxuriant hair looked dull, and hung in wisps about her face; there was something flaccid in her attitude and appearance, as though the motive-power of sense

and energy had been withdrawn. In her shaking hands she held a photograph and she was talking to it unnaturally. At first Caroline imagined she had been drinking, and her inclination was to make a cautious retreat; then she understood that the woman's mind was wandering in delirium, and, without further hesitation, she stepped into the room.

Mrs. Blake turned and saw her, but gave no sign of recognition or surprise. She only held out the photograph as though inviting inspection, and laughed vacantly. To humor her, Caroline took it. Though old and crude, it was yet remarkably distinct—evidently it had suffered little exposure to the light—a boy of about fourteen, his elbow resting on a balustrade, his feet crossed, one hand arranged beneath his chin.

With a sense of shock and bewilderment Caroline recognized that she had seen this photograph before—that it was John—John in the days of his callow youth! She had found its duplicate at Ranapore one day when emptying a camel trunk of odds and ends. She remembered how it had amused her—remembered thinking what a hideous, lanky boy John must have been.

"That's my son—my son John," babbled Mrs. Blake; "he's a fine-grown lad, and the very likeness of his father—" Then she was overtaken by a frightful fit of coughing, and Caroline, still grasping the photograph, supported the helpless body until the paroxysm passed, and Mrs. Blake lay back in the chair dumb and exhausted.

For a few seconds Caroline stood feeling paralyzed in mind and body, endeavoring to rally her senses, to arrive at some sort of understanding. But what had she to guide her? Nothing but the fact of John's admission that he was "a man of the people," added to the ravings of a sick woman, and the evidence of an old photograph.

Yet, while she stood perplexed and uncertain, glancing alternately at Mrs. Blake and at the picture in her hand, there returned to her the recollection of that summer evening when, as Caroline Gordon, she had entered the shop to discover Mrs. Blake alone, and so pleased to have a little conversation. Her own words came back to her: "I did not know you had another son, Mrs. Blake." And then the answer: "Well, you see, miss, there was trouble, and it was best to let him go and have done with it."

Could that "other son" be John, her husband? If so, why was his name Severn, and not Blake? To ask questions at the moment would be cruel, as well as useless; the chief thing was to get poor Mrs. Blake to bed, and summon a doctor. Caroline went to the door, and there encountered a breathless female in a huge hat and a black cloth jacket, carrying a paper parcel.

"Who are you?" she inquired civilly, with no inquisitive intention; but the answer was truculent.

"If it comes to that, who're you, yourself? But if you want to know, I'm Miss Batt, help to Blake's, and I comes in."

By this Caroline gathered that Miss Batt stood in some sort of relation to a maidservant, so she tried conciliation.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Blake is very ill," she said confidentially. "Will you stay with her while I go and ask Mr. Blake to telephone for a doctor? I'll come back and help you get her to bed."

Miss Batt pushed past her, muttering something to the effect that she'd told her so, but you might as well talk to the wall; but the gaslight had revealed a good-natured countenance that expressed genuine concern, and Caroline, relieved, went down into the shop.

Sam Blake couldn't "rightly remember" the name of the doctor his mother had "gone to" last—it was when she fell over the cat and hit her arm

against a packing case—he thought the name was Parsons or Macpherson, or something like it.

Caroline settled the matter by telephoning to the doctor who attended her grandparents; she also rang up their next-door neighbor, and begged that a message might be sent in to Lady Wendover. Sir James had always steadfastly refused to have a telephone within his doors. He called it an invention of the devil.

With Sam Blake at her elbow, listening respectfully, she gave her message slowly and distinctly:

"Will you kindly say that Mrs. Severn—yes, Mrs. Severn—will be home as soon as possible. She has been detained, and will explain when she returns."

She put up the receiver; but, before she re-climbed the staircase, she asked Sam Blake a question.

"Mr. Blake, was your mother married before?"

"Yes, miss—begging your pardon, ma'am—name of Severn." He grinned sheepishly. "Funny, ain't it?"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Sir James and Lady Wendover, and their daughter-in-law Rose, sat in the warm and comfortable study, puzzled and rather uneasy. All three were dressed for dinner, and they kept looking at the clock.

"It's very extraordinary," said Sir James, not for the first time. He threw an evening paper, crumpled and untidy, on the floor, and began to walk up and down the room.

"I can't understand it," from Lady Wendover. "What can have detained her—why couldn't she have explained when she telephoned?"

"There she is," said Rose, who had heard the front-door bell.

And presently Caroline came in. She looked pinched and pale, but her eyes were shining, and there was a firmness

about the set of her lips that Rose knew well. It meant that Carol had made up her mind about something, and that opposition or persuasion would have little or no effect. What on earth could it be? Rose's interest was aroused; she felt conflict in the air.

"My dear, where have you been?" was Lady Wendover's reproachful greeting. "You must be perished with cold."

"You got my telephone message?" said Caroline. "I sent it so that you shouldn't be anxious."

"Well, what kept you so late?" inquired Sir James impatiently.

"I found Mrs. Blake so ill that I helped to get her to bed, and I stayed to see the doctor. I couldn't explain all that to the maid next door."

There was an odd mixture of calmness and suppressed excitement in her voice that was only observed by Rose.

"Good heavens! have you all gone Blake mad?" cried Sir James. "I never heard of such a thing in my life. Surely the woman's got her own relations to look after her. Why the deuce should you interfere, keeping us all waiting for dinner, and making your grandmother anxious?" He coughed with irate violence.

Instinctively Caroline's eyes turned to her Aunt Rose, in a sort of desperate appeal.

"Don't work yourself up, James dear," Lady Wendover interposed gently, for she saw that little Carol was "upset." Of course, it had been a painful experience for the child to find poor Mrs. Blake so ill, and her ministrations had only been prompted by kindly feeling, even if she had perhaps overdone the part of the good Samaritan.

"Take off your things down here, Carol, and come in to dinner as you are. Some hot soup will do you good."

Caroline caught her breath, her lips

twitched, and, with a palpable effort, she said, "But I must go back to her, Granny. Indeed I must."

"Go back?" echoed Lady Wendover, in helpless surprise.

"I only came to tell you—to tell you——" Caroline paused abruptly.

"What, Carol?" asked Rose, breaking the expectant silence.

"That I must go back," said Caroline lamely.

"This is all damned nonsense!" roared Sir James; but, to his astonishment, his granddaughter held up her hand, as though to check his remonstrance.

"Grandpapa, listen!"

"Well, I am listening."

"Mrs. Blake is—is John's mother——"

"I don't care whose mother she is," interrupted Sir James, the true substance of her words having failed to reach his understanding. "I won't have you going out again to-night. Do as your grandmother tells you, and come in to dinner." He stalked towards the door, in order to end what seemed to him nothing but senseless argument.

Rose got up. "Wait!" she said imperatively. The old man turned.

"Now what's the matter?" he demanded with cross intonation. "Don't you begin about Mrs. Blake, too, Rose, for goodness' sake!" He wanted his dinner, and his patience was exhausted.

Rose, amazed and incredulous, was gazing at Caroline. "What was it you said, Carol?" she asked sharply.

Caroline raised her head, and tried to collect words that might possibly convince her relations. The whole situation seemed unreal and dreamlike; she felt tired, mentally dislocated, herself hardly able to believe in it yet. A wave of hopelessness passed over her. How was she to make these people, who now were all standing staring at her, comprehend that she must return to the shop in the Earl's Court

Road because it was John's mother who lay there—perhaps dying! The doctor had said there was scarcely any hope, he had undertaken to send in a nurse at once; but she must go back herself, to help, to be there, to make sure that everything possible was done, everything possible—for John's mother. That was all she could tell them with any coherence, and she was conscious that to Aunt Rose, and Granny, and Grandpapa it would sound simply insane! Her throat felt dry, she made a queer, hoarse sound when she tried to speak.

"My dear, you are ill!" cried Lady Wendover in anxious alarm.

Caroline could have burst into tears, but she controlled herself, and presently she heard her own voice uttering with unnatural levelness:

"It is quite true. Mrs. Blake is my mother-in-law. I only knew it this evening; and I can't explain any more just now. I must go back."

"The girl's mad!" exclaimed Sir James.

"No; I'm not mad!" cried Caroline, wearily desperate. "I know it must seem extraordinary, but I can't help it. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be able to explain—but now I must go."

Sir James held the door-handle; his granddaughter approached him with a white, determined face. "You must let me go," she said, "even if you will not let me come back!"

Then Aunt Rose seemed to float between her and the angry old man, she heard her speaking in low, rapid intercession, and presently, without further opposition, Caroline passed into the hall.

Rose Wendover followed her. "You had better have a latchkey," she said quietly, and opened a drawer in the hall table. She handed a key to her niece, who took it in silence.

As Caroline shut the front door behind her, giving it the customary lit-

tle pull to make sure it was firm, she found herself visualizing the room she had just left—the bright fire, the bearskins, the weapons on the walls, her grandfather's littered writing-table—and the three people she loved, utterly perplexed and dumbfounded; her grandfather purple with anger, her grandmother in tears, Aunt Rose distressed.

But she could not hear Aunt Rose saying softly, "Don't worry too much, dear old things. If it's true, and I believe it is, I think perhaps it's the best thing that could have happened for Carol's sake—though you must not ask me why."

Early next morning before the lights had been extinguished in the streets there came a gentle tap at Rose Wendover's bedroom door. She knew who was there. "Come in," she called, "I'm awake." Indeed she had hardly been asleep all night.

Caroline stole in, turning on the light as she entered. She shivered.

"Come and get warm," said Rose. She left her bed and put on a woollen dressing-gown. "I piled up the fire on purpose." A cheerful blaze responded to her vigorous use of the poker. Then she lit a spirit-lamp on a tray, and set a little kettle to boil. "You shall have a cup of tea very soon; I've got everything here—ready. Now take off your things and sit down." She wheeled a chintz-covered armchair to the front of the fire, and Caroline cast herself into it with grateful relief.

For a while she rested in exhausted silence, and Rose did not speak. She was busy with the kettle and the teapot; but also she said nothing, because she felt it would be time enough to ask questions when Caroline was warmed and revived.

Though her eyes were closed, Caroline's mind was painfully active, reviewing over and over again the happenings of the long and trying night.

The delirious voice rang in her ears—it had gone on for hours, raving always of John. One moment the poor woman imagined she held him as a baby in her arms, and she rocked and crooned tenderly; another she would weep and beg his forgiveness, excusing herself, declaring pitifully that "it had not been her fault," until at last her voice had failed, and she lay limp and still, breathing in faint, quick gasps. Caroline gathered something of the history of John's early life from his mother's wanderings; and afterwards she learnt more, when she went downstairs to sit with the miserable Sam until the nurse sent in by the doctor should call them.

Now she was striving to piece it all together as she lay back motionless in her chair, her brain so concentrated on the task that she was oblivious of any sound about her; and when Rose touched her gently on the shoulder she opened her eyes with a startled exclamation. She saw Rose looking down at her with kind compassion in her eyes, and Caroline began to cry. . . . For a little space Rose waited; then persuaded her to drink some hot, refreshing tea, which partially restored her self-possession.

"She died, Aunt Rose—she died. I have never seen anybody die before. But it was very quick and peaceful. The nurse said it was her heart; the doctor had sent in a nurse."

"Yes?" said Rose, in patient sympathy.

"It seems so dreadful that John couldn't have seen her, to say he forgave her." She began to sob again.

"Don't try to talk yet, Carol; wait till you are more rested."

"But I want to tell you. It will be such a relief—if you will listen."

"Of course, my dear." Rose drew another chair towards the fire for herself, and listened.

She listened to a queer commingling

of Mrs. Blake's unconscious revelations, and all that Sam Blake had been able to relate to Caroline from hearsay. But the outcome of it seemed to be that John Severn's father had been a fairly prosperous builder, in a modest way, somewhere in the North of England; that a few years after his death the widow had made a most disastrous second marriage. Blake, a market-gardener by trade, had, with his wife's money, purchased a small business near London, which he then neglected; he betted, he drank, and he bullied his stepson, until at last, at the age of fifteen, John had left the house, never to return.

"And what weighed on his mother's mind towards the end," explained Caroline, "was the thought that she had never really taken John's part or tried to protect him. She let him go without a word, and never even tried to get into touch with him again. I suppose she was afraid of Blake, and she had her other children then. But even after Blake's death, when she started this shop in London with what money she had left, she did nothing. It all came back to her before she died. Last night she kept going over the scene when John left her. . . ." Caroline shuddered. "It must have been terrible—the poor, desperate boy, and the cruel man, and the frightened woman."

She paused; it was becoming more of an effort to speak; the warmth, and the flicker of the fire, the stillness of the room, the feeling of relaxation after the emotional strain of the night, acted like a drug on her weary nerves.

Rose Wendover leaned forward. She was consumed with desire to hear the rest of this odd little story.

"And John?" she said. "What did John do?"

Caroline roused herself. "He went to his father's brother, a contractor, I think, in the North. As far as I can



understand, John had a little money coming to him later, and his uncle, who had quarrelled with Mrs. Blake over her second marriage, advanced it to him. He paid it all back! Sam seemed to know all about it—he said his mother had told him a lot lately that he had never heard before. She had shown him an old letter, too, written by John's uncle to Mrs. Blake, blaming her about John, and saying the boy had done well for himself, no thanks to her, had taken scholarships and gone to Oxford, and that now he was a gentleman and had got a fine job somewhere in foreign parts."

Caroline gave a little hysterical laugh at the remembrance of Sam's description of this letter, and the laugh ended in a burst of bitter tears. "Oh, Aunt Rose, think of what John must have gone through—how he must have worked, and struggled, and fought, and how lonely he must have been! No wonder he seems unsociable and hard to understand—and in my own way I have been just like his mother! I treated him badly—and I let him go—without a word."

"Carol, tell me the truth," said Rose, with simple directness. "Do you love John?"

"Yes," she admitted, between her sobs, "and now it's too late."

"Don't be foolish! You must ask him to come home at once."

"He wouldn't come," said Caroline, with the unreasoning despair of complete exhaustion. "When I wanted him before, he wouldn't come."

Rose ignored this allusion to some incident of which she knew nothing, and sat silent; while Caroline's sobs gradually subsided, and she sank, worn out, into a heavy sleep.

Caroline passed Sunday and Christmas Day upstairs in a state of semi-prostration induced by the cold, and fatigue, and the distress of Saturday night. It was perhaps something of a

relief to her grandparents that she did not appear, for it allowed them time to face this extraordinary and unpleasant situation in which Carol was concerned—detailed to them by Rose. Sir James, so far, would not discuss it at all, but whenever he was absent Lady Wendover lamented freely, and asked endless questions that Rose could not possibly answer.

"I shall never get accustomed to it, I know," she repeated on the Tuesday afternoon, when she and her daughter-in-law were waiting in the drawing-room for Caroline to come down to tea. "To think that all our plans and hopes for dear Carol's future should have resulted in this! How could the poor child have felt herself attracted by such a man?"

"But Granny," Rose protested again, "John Severn is a very nice man I do assure you. And really as long as he is clever and presentable, what does his origin matter? Nobody need know about it, either at home or out there."

"That red-headed stepbrother in the shop will talk, you may depend upon it," wailed Lady Wendover.

"Oh, he'll go off to Canada and join his real brother," was Rose's hopeful prophecy.

"I trust if he does he will lose no time in starting. And what about Mrs. Blake's funeral? Will Carol insist on going? When is it to be?"

"I believe on Thursday. Yes, I expect Carol will go, if she's well enough."

"And sit in a huge coach-thing, with six people on each side, and a crowd watching them get in," pictured Lady Wendover. "Dear, oh dear! Really, it would have been much better for Carol if she had married that dreadful young Mr. Jerrold, after all."

"You wouldn't say that, Granny, if you knew John," said Rose earnestly. She searched her mind for some argument that might modify her mother-



in-law's views. "Supposing," she added, "someone had told you when you fell in love with Sir James that his father had kept a shop, would that have turned you against him?"

But Lady Wendover was not to be trapped. "Such a thing, I am thankful to say, would have been practically impossible in India fifty years ago," she said stiffly.

Rose felt impatient with the prejudiced old lady who had so little knowledge of any world save her own, despite her long years in India; who really might have been a Brahmin with her rigid rules of class and birth.

"Everything is very different now from what it was fifty years ago, both at home and in India," she reminded Lady Wendover. "It may not be altogether a good thing, speaking generally, that gentle birth is no longer essential for employ in the service of the Indian Government, but individually you must discriminate. Mr. Jerrold, for example, would have been quite a different type in India from John Severn, who I consider is a man any girl might have been proud to marry. You ought to be thankful, dear Granny, that Carol has got such a good and reliable husband. He's bound to rise in the Service, too. Only last mail Francis wrote that he had heard John was in the running for an appointment that would lead a capable man very far. He'll be Sir John Severn one of these days."

"Well," said Lady Wendover, with grudging resignation, "of course you may be right."

"You'll admit that I am when you see him. I'll tell you a secret, Granny, only don't let it out before Carol just yet. On Sunday I cabled to John to come home at once! I remembered that telegrams could be sent between certain hours on Sundays, and I tipped Pogson to take it out."

Pogson, in spite of finger-bowls on week-days, was still with the Wendovers.

"Oh dear," said Lady Wendover helplessly, "then I suppose we shall have to put him up."

A little later Caroline came down, and her grandmother was very kind and nice, and behaved towards her, as Caroline said afterwards to Aunt Rose, as if she had been a widow! And Sir James, who had not met his granddaughter since the memorable occasion in his study on Saturday night, came up to tea, and astonished them all by saying, with somewhat pompous condescension (the result, in reality, of a feeling of shyness), that he thought Carol's husband must be a man of grit to have made his own way in life as he had done; and he hoped it would not be too long before he had the pleasure of making his acquaintance!

Then the two old people went downstairs to the study, and left Rose and Caroline alone by the drawing-room fire.

"Don't cry, Carol," said Rose sternly, "or you'll make yourself ill again."

"I'm not," said Caroline mendaciously.

The door opened, and Pogson came into the room with a telegram for Mrs. Wendover. She opened it in silence.

"No answer," she told Pogson; and handed the message to her niece.

Caroline read: "Thanks for wire coming home at once John."

She looked up into Aunt Rose's blue eyes, that were soft with pleasure and affection.

"What did you say to him?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"I said 'Carol wants you to come home.' Isn't it the truth? And who said he wouldn't come!"

.....  
Less than two years later Lady Wendover opened a letter one morn-

ing at the breakfast-table, turned it over, puzzled, to look at the signature, read the contents, and said: "Maturin—Maturin? Yes, I think I do remember hearing Carol and John talk about some people called Maturin."

"What's that?" asked Sir James from behind the newspaper.

"A letter, dear, from a Mrs. Maturin. She says her name was Watts before she was married, and that she and Carol knew each other as girls in India. Her husband has just retired, and they arrived home last week; they are at a hotel in Queen's Gate. It seems they were staying with Carol

and John at Simla shortly before they sailed; and do listen to what she says: 'Mrs. Severn made us promise we would write to you when we got home, and we thought, as we had been with her and her husband so lately, you might like us to call and tell you about them and dear little Jack, who is just beginning to walk! They have a charming house at Simla, and are so popular; but if you will kindly let us know what afternoon we should find you at home I will keep all else till we meet.'"

"Ask them to luncheon on Sunday," said Sir James.

THE END.

### THE SOLDIER IN HIS LETTERS.

It needs a good man to come well out of his letters, and if there is no saying to that effect by some master of old wisdom, there certainly should be. Always the real human personality behind creeps into letters, if you have enough of them and they are written naturally. Things which the tongue, on its guard, would keep back, leap out, truth tells in shades and shadows, and especially do you get revealing when there is a vital ordeal on hand.

What ordeal has there ever been to match with that which Mr. Thomas Atkins has passed through since Armageddon swept down upon him and us, like the Assyrian of the poem? In that ordeal he has written countless thousands of letters, and he comes out of them the simply great man. It is not, perhaps, a plaster saint that we get, for a plaster saint would be of little use against the Germans and their Hunnish ways. What we do get is a figure of fine, rough-hewn nobility, a slow-thinking, long-armed, captain in russet—which is his khaki—such as

characterizes these islands of ours, themselves, as a community, unquick in anger, but of a large wrath when roused. You hear yourself summing Mr. Atkins up in the rich Biblical words, "Be strong and let us be valiant for our people and for the cities of our God, and let the Lord do that which is good in his eyes." That is a passage of Scripture which you will find quoted with approval in "Cromwell's Soldier's Catechism," and it is being as worthily lived by our Ironsides to-day as it was by those of the Lord Protector.

You feel all this personally if you have read some thousands of the wonderful letters to his people at home, which Thomas Atkins has written since the crack of Armageddon was heard a full year ago. He is the regular soldier, the old-timer, as distinguished from his new comrade of Kitchener's Army, who is only getting into fighting harness, and so had not the freshness of the war to write about. What the Kitchener soldier tells of events going on in France goes deeper, is of a wider sweep in analysis, is more the

epistle of the citizen soldier, but the time to appraise him as a chronicler is not yet. He will be in at the death while Thomas Atkins, flanked by his admirable and valiant friend the Territorial, has kept the floor of the war ballroom for the first round.

Consider him then in his letters, noting, out of his own mouth, the picture he draws of himself, and when you come to the end of this drawing you will see how perfectly Wordsworth's character of the Happy Warrior describes our happy warrior out there on the dunes of Belgium, the far-flung northern slopes of France, and the rock-bound ridges of Gallipoli:

"Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!

Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish  
to be."

The epistles of Atkins are not merely a revealing portrait of the man himself and full of light upon the inner side of the war, but they often have a raw, unconscious literary touch. "I can tell you," writes a full private, "it's a pucker rough life," and one's sense of the rightness of things dwells on the word "pucker." "When," says another private, "you have wielded a pick and shovel for a day or two in the blazing sun, you do not look as though you were going to a tea-party or to a chapel." Thomas is nicely concerned about his appearance, and there he gives you an exact likeness of himself and not simply a description in words, as a professional writer might do. He grows a beard and he tells us that its size and color depend on the age of the wearer and the length of time for which he has not been shaved. "My hairs," exclaims one fighting man, in a moment of contemplation, "are by no means what a writer in a lady's novelette would describe as 'a perfect

dream'; they are scattered all over my chivey chase in anything but order, nineteen on one side, fifteen on the other, and thirty-five on the chin, intermixed with a small smattering of down and dirt."

The appearance of Mr. Atkins is almost more important to him than his fortune in the larger sense, for there is an air of acceptance and resignation in the Irish private who writes, "I was unlucky. I fell from a train at full speed. I was picked up for dead. French soldiers came and carried me away for burial. It was, I think, a woman who came up and looked at me and noticed something which made her think I was not a corpse. Not yet. It will take a lot to kill me, so I was resurrected." Proverbially an Irish soldier has many lives, and one fancied he had long enough to live to comply with the demand which a French mother made upon him, thus, "If you kill the Kaiser, you shall have my daughter." He was also an Irishman who said of a glimpse he had of a Prussian Guards regiment, "Look at them devils retreatin' with their backs facin' us!"

The love of exaggeration, the desire to create a dramatic effect, dwells in every soldier regardless of his nationality. There is testimony to that in a story told by an English private of the classic swearing which a sergeant-major indulged in when the concussion of a shell threw his lance-corporal up into a tree and he could not see where he had gone. You can very easily, in imagination, reconstruct that scene. And Thomas Atkins is not only a sayer of the picturesque, even a humble follower now and then, perhaps, of Baron Munchausen, but he likes to be struck back in the same sense. Thus there was a general laugh when a sergeant showed some khaki handkerchiefs that a home friend had sent him and got the neat comment from a

French comrade, "Ha! then the Germans weel not see when you blow your nose—hey!"

Mr. Atkins is curiously anxious about his comforts, the little things which matter so much in the physical life, anyhow when you are campaigning. It is not, you perceive, that he cares especially for physical comfort, but he likes the powers that be to have a right sense of his value, in that they pay attention to him. If he had to go long without soap there might be a revolution, for, as some particular fighter writes, "We try desperately hard to keep clean. A few minutes' halt near any water finds all the troops with towels and soap out, scrambling for a wash. What a scurry when the order is suddenly given to fall in." "I have not," says another, "had a chance of a wash for a week. The last wash I had was after twenty-four chaps had washed in the same bucket!" The chance of a bed for a night is so great an event that a lancer records it. He was with a Belgian sergeant who took him home, and "I slept in a lovely feather bed and started off happy in the morning for my destination." "There is one thing," another voice cries out, "that I would appreciate as much as anything, and that is a day's sleep in a bed."

Food, too, is important, as you see in the lamentation of a hussar, "We had got two chickens ready for the stew-pot, when the Germans opened fire with their big guns. You should have seen us scatter, and we had to leave our dinner, which was very sad." Jam is an essential in the British soldier's life, but it has its responsibilities as we gather in the record, "Now about this jam. If you have a pot, like as not you get it smashed, when your whole kit is muckered up. Likewise if you get it in a tin, you will open it and take

what you want, but you will have no lid to put on, so you leave the rest behind." To get a uniform "muckered up" with jam would be the last word in misfortune; anyhow it would have been for a chap of the Grenadier Guards who was mighty particular about his appearance, and persisted in wearing a tie all the time. One day, while under rifle fire, he was noticed to be in a frightful fluster. "Are you hit?" he was asked. "No," he said. "What is it, then?" "This infernal tie is not straight," he replied, and he proceeded to adjust it, still under fire. This was possible, but there was no consolation for the Private Atkins who had a flesh wound that destroyed a tattooed butterfly of which he had been very proud.

Often and often you find Mr. Thomas Atkins thinking of home, of his people there, of the pets he left behind him, and always with a soft heart. "You need not worry about us," he says; "we are more concerned about you at home, and only hope that you are being well looked after in our absence." "Tell Annie I'll be home in time to make her a Christmas tree," a Seaforth Highlander wrote to his wife; but he never came, and now he never will return. You hear about a wounded soldier who takes something out of his pocket, his boy's photograph, and says, "Each time it is getting a bit harder, but I don't mind even being killed if I may make sure that the lad never has to go through a war like this." Yes, Thomas Atkins, individually and collectively, sees afar, through the fire and the smoke, the old home in England or Scotland or Ireland, with his mother or his wife sitting in the corner of the familiar room, thinking of him, thinking and praying for his safety:

"Silent is the house: I sit  
In the fire-light and knit.

. . . . .

So I knit this long gray thing  
Which some fearless lad will fling  
Round him in the icy blast.  
With the shrapnel whistling past;  
'Comforter' it may be then,  
Like a mother's touch again.  
And at last, not gray, but red.  
Be a pillow for the dead."

The soldier, being a humanitarian as well as a humanist, is very fond of his horse, as where he says, "Dolly goes very well. She does not always get corn, so is a bit thin. I pinch the smallest thing for her, if it be only a muddy crust." "They have," groans another, "shot my greatest friend from under me, my horse Minnie, the most faithful animal in the world. God forgive them for that, because I never will." A whole platoon of English soldiers vote that the bravest thing they saw in the fighting line was the taking in, by a Sikh, of a regimental goat that had wandered out into the open and was being made a target of by the Germans. Cheers greeted the return of that goat to safety; indeed, it might have been the lamb which had strayed away from the ninety and nine lying in the safety of the fold.

Mr. Atkins is soundly, quietly, implacably British all the time, but he is also proud of his particular nationality whether as Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman, Welshman, Australian, or Canadian. He loves the special soil of his birth, his county or his shire, his town or his village, and his regiment is very dear to him. There is a story of one man who got hit in the face with a shrapnel bullet. "Hurt, Bill?" said another. "Good luck to the old regiment," was all he answered as he fell, dying. A company of some regiment had to go forth into a shower of bullets. "I think," exclaimed a corporal, "we will have our greatcoats, boys. It is raining bullets to-night, and we will get wet to the skin if we are not careful." That was an expression

of the pride of the company in itself, and it sang, "Put up your umbrella when it comes on wet!" A fighting man with a fond eye on his section of the campaign says: "The war is a petrol war. Everything is done by machinery, and victory is to those who have the most petrol. There is," he adds, "very little chance for any of the showy kind of fighting that gets into the papers and delights the girls. Simply dull, dreary work in the trenches, where there is more mud than glory and more chills on the liver than cheers."

Even so, Thomas Atkins has his little joys, and sometimes he will extract them from an officer who is not over-popular, for such things will happen even in the best regulated army. There was a major of a certain battalion who got a name for taking no risks, and also for a habit of talking to himself. He went out one night to inspect the entanglements, and naturally he soliloquized. "Hear the old bird crowing on the wires!" observed a voice, that of a Tommy who had precisely sized up the situation. Another incident productive of laughter was the search by a young officer for a Territorial, to whom he said, "John Bull has awarded you a biscuit; come forth, my son, from your funk-hole and devour it." There was no immediate answer, and none at all until the officer rapped on the roof of the dug-out with his knuckles and yelled "Cash!" Instantly a "clerky" head popped out of a hole, and the precious freight of biscuits was duly counted out.

Thomas Atkins is a shrewd war critic in his own way, with a faculty for summing up general results in a phrase. "It's hard, but it's good," is the description he gives of just what the Great War means to the plain soldier. "You have," you hear him saying elsewhere, "a sort of want-to-go-home-to-your-mother feeling at the



start of the fight, but that soon disappears when you get into your stride. A pal is wiped out by your side, and you feel desperately anxious to get your own back, and that is all." "I must admit," reads a piece of corroborative evidence, "that we were all a bit shaky until we got properly stuck in it. Then you forget all feeling, everybody is full of excitement, and you never think of your funeral."

When a group of soldiers see comrades mown down by shell fire "it stiffens us." The groaning of the wounded makes the unwounded "feel queer," but once "you feel you are getting at them, then all that disappears." "I am afraid," declares a young Territorial, "I have enjoyed every minute of the time out here except my poor pal's death. I love the primitiveness. War is good for those who love adventures." A squadron-major has no greater complaint than that shells "leave a horrid trade-mark"; and a sergeant-major of infantry has merely the grumble that you may be fighting for hours on end and never see an enemy. Good spirits rule, as in this letter:—"There are six of the boys playing cards now, some are peeling spuds for dinner, the rest are having a sleep. My chum only wakes up grub-times, and when he does guard." The fact is war, even the war of this Armageddon, becomes a habit; if you like, a valorous habit, but still a habit.

One loves Mr. Atkins as a phrase-maker and as a christener of nick-names, a line in which he is surprisingly happy. "Never say die till you are dead," is the motto with which a north-country soldier confronted the Germans. "I do not believe," says a southern corporal, "there is a man living who, when first interviewing an eleven-inch howitzer shell, is not pink with funk." Pink with funk! Isn't it perfect? "The Germans," says a

Londoner, "have a top-sides gun we call Archibald. He shoots extremely well some days, and damn bad on others." After that you feel you know all about "Archibald." When the war is over there will have to be a concordance of the names Thomas Atkins gives the people and things in it. There is "William the Weed" for the Kaiser, "Old One O'Clock" for General von Kluck, "ewe lamb" for a Uhlan, "Black Marias," "Jack Johnsons," "Coal Boxes," and "Belching Billies" for German howitzer shells, and the "Bird" for the German Taube. "Aunt Sally" and "Whistling Rufus" are other names for German guns, but, indeed, the languages of Europe will benefit from the terse expressiveness of British Thomas Atkins. His well-attuned ear can even put into words the rumble of rifle and shell fire. "Ping, pong, splash, pong, ping, ping," but he has gained the shelter of the trenches, and does not care how the German music sounds, whether it be the long Wagner tune of a big shell or the quick music of the machine gun.

Some people have got into the habit of finding only humor in the war letters of Thomas Atkins. That, of course, is a mistake, because there are all the phases of battle in them; only humor, being a cheerful thing, is most picked out and made welcome. Moreover, Thomas is a genuine and irrepressible humorist, willing, as all good humorists should be, to make fun even of himself. He goes to a French farm in search of an egg or two, and, being unable to speak French, flaps his arms and cries "cock-a-doodle-do!" He gets the eggs, and another time he goes forth on the same mission. He desires a couple of boiled eggs, and shows the farm people his French phrase-book at the entry, "*Je veux des œufs à la coque!*" "I pointed," he records, "to the last word, which I thought was eggs, but eggs is *œufs*"; and the peas-

ant folk were tremendously amused. So were the comrades to whom the faithful Thomas recounted the incident with the comment, "Well, well, it's all in a lifetime." Another fellow tried to get some bread, also at a French farmhouse, and when he had gone through a series of queer signs he believed he had been understood. "Oui, oui, monsieur," said the farmer's wife, rushing back into the house and bringing him a bundle of hay! It is a bombardier who sets this down, and he adds, "The nonplussed look on the woman's face and the fed-up expression on the chap's, made a picture worthy of the pencil of poor old Tom Brown."

Humor is very helpful in war, for it means the merry heart which goes all the day. A reservist sergeant who had been a ticket collector was in charge of a platoon that made some German prisoners. How do you think he called upon them to surrender? Why, in the demand which leaped out without thinking, "Tickets, please!" A Highlander tells us that a Wiltshire stuck out above the trench a tin on which were written the words, "Business as usual." It made, however, so good a target for the Germans that he was desired to "take the bloomin' thing in again," and he got wounded in doing so. Echoes of the music-halls of London occur in the letters of many London soldiers, as, for example, "Early doors this way," "Early doors, ninepence." When a German searchlight struck a regiment lying down behind the shelter of a wood, one private whispered to another, "Lor, Bill, it's just like a play and us in the lime-light." Perfectly sweet is the solicitation of an officer's orderly, when the enemy did not come along at the time they had been expected: "I do 'ope nuffink 'aven't 'appened to the pore devils, sir!" A Scotsman, name not given, woke up from the swoon which

a severe wound had brought him, and the first thing he demanded was, "Fat hae ye daen wi' me wee cap? If it's loast I'll hae tate pay for anither oot o' me ain pocket!" It is a very healthy army that can, on active service, frame jokes on the ancient, well-worn text of Scottish carefulness. Even the Scotsman's proverbial devotion to religion comes into the tale of one who had made a bet with an Englishman as to when they would get to Berlin. "I'm thinkin'," said the Scot, after a bullet had struck him down, "that wee bet o' oors wull hae tae be aff, noo. It's gey hard, but the Almighty kens best." The thing probably never happened, but it is a good story with a nice touch of pathos in it.

Perhaps Mr. Atkins is greatest of all, the full and perfect hero, when tragedy comes. "Give my love to Patrick Street, Waterford," says an Irishman. "It's there the best girl on earth lives; and tell Ireland that we are doing our duty." "It's not much to look forward to," mutters an Englishman, after one of his legs had been amputated, "but my mother will be proud of me!" "Is there anything I can do for you, old chap?" a Grenadier asked a cavalry man, who lay stricken unto death. "Yes," he answered, "you might light my fag for me. You will find matches and all in my inside pocket." "What gets over me," said a soldier who had been shot in the feet, "is how it ain't done more damage to my boot." How John Ruskin's heart would have stirred to the Lancashire Fusilier who, with two ghastly wounds in his breast, was calmly reading *The Crown of Wild Olive*. A man of adventurous spirit had had several "near shaves," and at last was shot clean through the body. His comrades ran to him, raised him, and wanted him to go back, but he answered, "No, let me be; the beggars have done me in this time. Get these chaps away, because they will be good

for something again," he added about two other wounded men. "As for me, hoist me up quick, give me my rifle, and I'll give them Bosches another round." So he did, and so he died, and a more heroic death it would be hard to match.

There is no end to the heroism of Thomas Atkins and to his splendid bearing when he is racked with pain. Four of him, all wounded, were riding to hospital in a motor lorry, and what do you think they were doing? Why, playing "nap," which they said was the best way of grinning and bearing it. The "bad man" of a regiment proved the greatest hero of that regiment because he sacrificed himself in order that two others might live. "It's like this, my son," he said, "you have got a missis and children to look after, and so has that chap in the corner. I am as bad as they make them, and nobody will be a penny the poorer if I am shot this minute." Then he went out into the hail of fire and held a point while his two comrades escaped to shelter. Over his unknown grave there might be written, "Greater courage hath no man than this, that he lays down his life for that of his friends." It happens every day with Thomas Atkins, whose physical heroism is even surpassed by his spiritual greatness.

There is much of the Stoic, the Spartan, in Mr. Atkins, and his philosophy also includes a touch of superstition to braid much simple religious faith. "If I am spared," is a phrase that occurs over and over again in his letters. No posing, no heroics, just the simple English words, "If I am spared." "Be brave and die like a man," said one fellow to another: "our time has come." They shook hands and they died like men. An artilleryman has better luck, and he thinks it is all owing to a mascot he

carries in his knapsack. "It is," he describes it, "a beautiful crucifix given to me by a Frenchwoman for helping her out of danger. It is silver, enamel, and marble, and she made me take it." A Cameronian is given up by the doctor, but he refuses to give himself up. When the doctor comes back a few days later and says, "What, you still here?" he gets the answer, "Did you ever see a dead donkey?" "No." "Very well, you will never see a dead Cameronian; not me, anyhow." Faith, hope, and charity, they all run through the soldiers' letters, making them very beautiful, just as they find expression on the battlefield in hymns and other religious services.

"We knew," says a letter in this vein, "that we were going into action in the morning, and we stood together while shelter was found for us. Suddenly somebody started to sing, 'Nearer my God to Thee,' and the whole battalion took it up, following it with the 'Glory Song.'" "Before leaving Belgium," writes an Irish soldier, "we arranged with a priest to have Mass said for the souls of our dead chums, and we scraped together what odd money we had, but his Reverence would not hear of taking our money for prayers for the relief of the brave lads who had died so far from the Old Land, to rid the Belgian soil of the unmannerly German scrubs." It is a Presbyterian service to which we are called in the loft of a French barn where three Scottish soldiers had taken refuge from an invading host of Germans. They were down below, they were everywhere, and all hope of escape seemed gone, when the corporal took out a small Testament from his breast-pocket, turned over the pages, and said, "Canna we sing something, very quiet like?" They sang:

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark  
vale,

Yet will I fear none ill,

For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still."

A German, so we are told, did happen to find the door of their loft, opened it, and saw how they were engaged. Thereupon he softly shut the door again and went away, and when the tramp of his comrades had passed that place the praying and singing men came out, and were able by and by to rejoin their regiment. Now and then the faith of Mr. Atkins runs out towards the miracle; and one easily realizes that the miracle may not appear impossible amid the terrible things of Armageddon.

Of secular songs, those he has learned at the music-halls and those he has learned elsewhere, he is entirely fond. He varies "Tipperary" with "Rule Britannia" and "The Lass o' Killiecrankie." He teaches his French comrades to sing "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and, as he records, "Every night round the camp fire we have our photos out; that is, if we have any. Then we have a song." It was at some sing-song, not exactly by the camp fire, where about the middle of the programme the sergeant in control announced, "Our friends, Fritz and 'Ans, will now oblige with the 'Ymn of 'Ate.'" That is surely an imperishable incident, and it may even be that some of the verse which Mr. Atkins has written home from the Front will live a little while, say his parody of "Dolly Gray," or his other parody of "A Little Gray Home in the West." He has a soul for music, and being a good sentimentalist, he can be a not bad poet, although his rhyme may not scan

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every time, which, after all, is not the only test of poetry that will live.

His test of himself and others is whether he and they are good sportsmen, meaning do they always play the game? He is very conscientious in this, anxious to be straight and fair, happening to be built that way, and the frequency with which he brings in the terms of football and cricket shows how he applies the rules of good sport to his own conduct. But what one likes in Thomas Atkins best of all, better than his mirth, better than his heroism, is his great tenderness of heart. He is all chivalry to women and all tenderness to children, and the man in whom those things are natural is the very perfect man, be he plain or exalted. His chivalry goes out to the women he meets in his marches, and his tenderness goes oversea to those he left at home. He sends his love to baby and his affection to her mother, and he cries in one beautiful letter, "I am just longing to kiss you and to bury my face in your lovely hair." That is a passage such as few of our reticent soldier men would dare to write, yet it unvels, as in a bright light, the love they bear for all near and dear to them. But when the epic story of Armageddon comes, in the fullness of time, to be set down, the epistles of British Thomas Atkins will take a high place in it, for they breathe the pure spirit of Wordsworth's lines:

"To have one soul and perish to a man  
Or save this honored land from every  
lord  
But British reason and the British  
sword."

*James Milne.*

## THE HOUSE, THE COUNTRY-HOUSE AND THE TIME-TABLE.

An old Parliamentary hand of high authority on all that concerns St. Stephen's and its doings, conversing in the period of the Parliament Bill with an ornament of a colonial legislature, admitted the recent irregularity as to times and seasons, adjournments and prorogations, of the "Mother of Parliaments" at Westminster. "You see," he continued, "events beyond our control have of late made our sessions quite abnormal. With a settlement of relations between Lords and Commons and the Irish and Welsh business out of the way, there will be a return to normality. At any rate, after this year I count upon enjoying rather more than a normal holiday of as near six months as may be."

Ah! witless jest and bootless boast—see Cowper in *John Gilpin*—the time prospected by the Westminster expert has not come. The abnormality continues; to-day it not only threatens, but, in the shape with which centuries have familiarized us, sweeps away the most widely felt of Parliament's social institutions. The truth, however, is that in matters of detail the customs of Parliament, like some of its laws considered to-day absolutely inexorable, are the creations of accident. Its habits, too, have constantly changed with the exigencies or fashions of the time.

The sittings at St. Stephen's happened to coincide with those of the judges in Westminster Hall before the Royal Courts of Justice were dreamed of. The people's representatives came together and dispersed as the legal terms began or ended. The desertion of their meeting-place by the elective legislators when the first grouse fell and their return to it in the next

twelvemonth when pheasants ceased to be lawful game grew out of the stirring events of the recess preceding the Long Parliament in 1642. Then first among Parliament men John Pym stumped the country and generated the driving force that was to consolidate his majority and to make the Chamber where he sat the first power in the land. Thus long after the reasons for it had been forgotten the interval separating the late summer of one year from the early spring of the next was mainly dedicated to the reunion of members with their constituents and to the pursuits or pastimes dear to the hearts of constituents and members alike. The political, legal, and fashionable year had become conterminous. The House rose about the time of the dog-days because it could not be kept together a week more. It reassembled on the eve of spring because the estimates could not be delayed beyond the close of the financial twelvemonth, March 31. Motions have long been brought forward with the object of shortening the days and weeks for workers in the manufactory of statute law when rural nature wears its most attractive dress. And there seems no reason why the dates of session and holiday should not undergo some change. Meanwhile out of war-time there has been a tendency to abbreviate the Easter and to lengthen the Whitsuntide recess, if only because the later holiday has more possibilities of summer than the earlier. Sir G. O. Trevelyan used to be prominent in the advocacy of much earlier risings for the summer and proportionately longer sittings in the winter. To-day everybody would approve and applaud such a change as at least right in principle.

When the elective chamber, during



whole generations, was peopled predominantly by squires, short holidays from time to time, of no agricultural or sporting use, seemed of little account. The one thing to be resisted and resented was any encroachment by an autumn sitting on the long vacation. How the Honorable and Right Honorable gentlemen congratulated themselves at the adjournment on the prospect of twelve or fourteen clear weeks without disturbance by the sound of the division bell! Yet during some time before the unprecedented season of storm and stress now upon us, many causes, public or private, have conspired to keep many legislators in London or within easy reach of it after they have received their *dimittis* in the shape of the Speech from the Throne. The metropolis and its continuous pleasure grounds were discovered first by Disraeli to have charms, making them especially enjoyable in the dead season. Country houses are now open all the year round, despite their costliness to all concerned, the expensive tyranny of the smart shoots in the day, of afternoon or nightly bridge, and the endless claims of nondescript hangers-on who vanish and reappear like the Adelphi guests in Ben Webster's day. The Westminster four-hundred-a-yearers contain as large a percentage of men who can distinguish a horse from a hayrick as their unsalaried fore-runners of the pre-household suffrage era.

Even then it was becoming a palpable absurdity to affect a sacrosanct connection between the grouse moor or deer forest in the second week of August and the process of amending the Statute Book for the rest of the year. "Have already taken the places by the Flying Dutchman for the north and must be out by daybreak on the twelfth on the Glen Whusky, which I rent this year from the Earl of Impecu." This sort of thing has

gone out of fashion. Perhaps, indeed, there never was a time when two M.P.'s met each other mouthing the old Shibboleths without laughing in each other's face like the Roman augurs. Not only to-day, but always the Scotch heather to which jaded "good man Burgess" was panting to be off, if geographically identified, would prove to be a Cockney corner with little hopefuls of gillies on Margate or Broadstairs sands, and the only thing that fell before paterfamilias to be not the speckled bird which his gun had brought down, but the walls of the sand-castles built by his olive-branches before the approaching tide.

The franchise debates of 1867 drew forth from John Bright the taunting question, "Where are now John Hampden's three hundred Buckinghamshire freemen?" "Why," said Disraeli in answer, "where should they be but in Buckinghamshire? They still return a constitutional member of Parliament, and that member is myself." The knights of the shire were the original backbone of the House of Commons. They continued to give the place its social tone when it had been "sent to the dogs" by successive Reform Bills. Their influence is no more extinct there to-day than it is at Brooks', Arthur's, and White's. But within living memory there has been a levelling up of classes all round; and the place in our socio-political system once monopolized by the squires is now shared by them with manufacturers from the Midlands, from beyond the Trent, with, in Disraelian phrase, the gentlemen of the long robe of all kinds and the entire professional class generally. The Parliamentary mass is levelled by the same outdoor tastes and habits; it has not in all its parts the same material interest in rural operations or pastimes. To the most industrious of this number the two or three months of early autumnal or

late summer holiday can no more be a season of idleness or even refreshment than the Oxford or Cambridge "long" divorces from his books the undergraduate bent on distinguishing himself in the Schools.

Influences still more important than these have affected the status and character of the longest leave of absence brought by the rolling year to the people's representatives. Once more we are, as Mr. Gladstone used to say, within measurable distance of a general election. Much of the coming six weeks must be spent by all members who wish to retain their seats in the bosom of their constituencies—always an exacting and, even in these days of rigid electoral purity, not wholly inexpensive process. There are other considerations that help to explain the ready acquiescence of Parliament in the curtailment of its recess. The new Westminster time-table has now for some years increasingly been transforming the usages of polite life. Formerly the House of Commons rose on Wednesdays at 5.30; Fridays gave private members a chance of raising questions that interested them on going into Supply, and were fruitful in counts out. These big weekly pauses are no longer known. Instead, the adjournment over the Sabbath comes on Friday. Members then disperse in all directions; Westminster remains as solitary as the Sahara till the first evening of the new week. The London season and the out-of-London season are run simultaneously. Every Thames side villa and country-house, far or near, overflows with the Junior Lords, the Treasury underlings, and the whole race of Tite-Barnacles, actual or aspirant, who used with much show of mystery and confidence to confabulate with Taper and Tadpole at the club or collect the latest Downing Street gossip for the tea-tables of South Belgravia, for the dinner-parties

and receptions of Mayfair. The entertainments of private life have thus become a perennial drain. To host and hostess as well as indirectly to guest the week's-end hospitalities of the twentieth century mean an outlay in comparison with which the cost of dinner-parties, dances, and flowers in pre-Georgian times was a mere flea-bite. As a consequence, when the regular country-house season should be opening, there supervenes a period of physical and pecuniary exhaustion; on whatever plea, the smartest and most receptive of Amphitryons welcome any opportunity of curtailing the scale and duration of their junketings in the second half of the social year.

This fifteenth year of the twentieth century supplies, of course, the usual keepers of open house for their friends with exceptional reasons for premitting the normal rites. Whether within earshot of Bow bells or far away in some British Arcadia, the stately homes of England are turned into hospitals for the wounded or munition workshops. This latter business can be carried on more effectively at any point of the West End than in the "provincial homes of lord and lady, built for pleasure and for state." Even in the Olympian establishments, famous for their game coverts, the announcement that no one is going out of town just now will be received with more than equanimity. The fashionable shooting of to-day was first organized, if not invented, in Knowsley Park. The battue had doubtless been known before then; but the fourteenth Earl of Derby brought it to perfection, and after the following fashion. The party used to go out six or seven guns, each having a loader and marker; of those attendants the latter noted down each shot fired by his master and its result. So consummate a judge in these matters was the "Rupert of Debate," that the close of every day

found his prediction of the party's individual scores verified in every case. All the shoots *à la mode* got up for King Edward the Seventh by the owners of the preserves he patronized were arranged on the Knowsley lines, at however great a distance from them. To-day, therefore, the pursuit of the pheasant, sometimes even of less aristocratic quarries, has become about as costly as hunting one's own fox-hounds or keeping, ready to start at any moment, a steam-yacht at Cowes all the year round.

Ceremonial marksmanship on this scale is well enough for the Walsinghams and Ripons of their day, but is beyond the capacity or taste of many "ramrods" who can be trusted to fill a moderate game-bag, but being behind their age, prefer sport which is rather less in the grand manner. These are the gentlemen whom the givers of shooting parties invite because of their social vogue and good-fellowship, because they are seen everywhere, or because their wives, being stars of the amateur stage, relieve the gloom of the feudal mansions in their settings of oak and chestnut shady. The guest who is behind the time or without his wife's accomplishments may desire nothing better than to be entirely left out of the breech-loading competition. There may be no truth in the conventional charge that he wounds fur or feather instead of killing it, or that he has an awkward trick of bringing down hen pheasants. Like Sir Edward Grey when salmon are rising most avidly to the fly, he asks nothing more than to pursue his sport in his own way. He will therefore cordially welcome the news that his hosts and hostesses of other years have given up their usual gatherings and will find a relief in pottering about on his own acres, as the fancy takes him, after partridges or hares. Those who are not periodically im-

pelled by a desire to go out and kill something will console themselves for the paucity of invitations this year by the fact that country-house talk, formerly the best to be heard in Europe, has of late sadly fallen off.

The last survivor of the intellectual Victorians said to the present writer, "The great literary difference between my time and to-day is, now people take endless trouble to print what formerly they used not to think it worth while to say." All chroniclers of society, from Walpole and Wraxall to Greville, Lady Dorothy Nevill, and Lady St. Helier bring out the fact that in 1830 all the best English houses, from Alton Towers to Chevening, from Raby to Wilton, and from Longleat to Mount Edgcumbe, began to do duty as the fashionable world's continuation schools. Lord Brougham, the most ubiquitous of country-house *habitués*, informally lectured to select audiences at the dinner-tables and in the drawing-rooms of Northumbrian castles or Sussex abbeys upon physical science in all its branches. He also confided to them many interesting secrets of his literary life. Such was the fact, which formerly he had stoutly denied, but which the late Sir M. E. Grant-Duff heard from his own lips at Battle, that he and not Jeffreys had written in the *Edinburgh* the famous article on Byron's *Hours of Idleness* which drew forth *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The political classrooms of the country-house season, though not much heard of till 1832, had opened a good deal earlier. In his *Memoirs of an ex-Minister*, Lord Malmesbury gives an amusing account of the competition between Whig and Tory professors to permeate their fellow-guests with their own views on the first Reform Bill, alternately regarded as an omen of "red ruin and the breaking up of laws" and as the one constitutional antidote to civil war.

The whirligig of time works its revenges, and Wisdom is justified of her children. The temporary decline of the country-house season may promote the restoration of its wholesome popularity to the club. For since the new Parliamentary rules came into force the co-operative caravanserais of St. James's and Piccadilly have shared the desolation of the thoroughfares in which they stand. The rush out of London after the Speaker's descent from the chair on Friday has combined with the competition of the new restaurants seriously to empty the rooms and reduce the revenues of what may be styled "the joint-stock palaces of the West End," but what are in reality "houses of call for homeless gentlemen." If any of these institutions might have been expected not to suffer from the weekly depletion of the West End, it would be that which during three successive reigns has been a social annexe of St. James's Palace. In 1868 the restrictions on smoking at White's and other considerations caused King Edward, then Prince of Wales, to feel the want of a club after his own heart. A plot of land opposite Marlborough House came into the market; it was bought on reasonable terms. The building process commenced immediately afterwards, and the club first opened its doors in the November of 1869. Its members were all either the Prince's friends or personally known to him. He became the first President, with the Marquis of Tweeddale as first chairman of committee; he was immediately followed by Lord Colville. His successor to-day is Lord Redesdale. The Prince of Wales joined the club, as his father had done before him. The institution unites an international with a royal character from the fact of the Sovereign's cousin and ally, the Russian Emperor, being on its books. Neither kings, princes, nor foreign potentates

have insured the place against the inroad of the irresistible week-end. This year, however from the Duke of York steps to Hyde Park Corner the entire club system, the Marlborough included, may gain by those contemporary events which close so many centres of fashionable feasting or sport.

Provincial trade may have reason to lament that harvest brings with it a diminished influx to manor houses and parks. Especially will it deplore the disappearance of local race meetings that after a long period of eclipse had been revived by sporting landlords, but which are now likely again to share the "portion of outworn creeds and faces." It is dangerous to say much, because one can have no secrets which do not get into print. For one newspaper woman of quality under the reign of the great lady, the Zenobia of Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion*, there are now a score. Nobody can make out any more than did Mr. Crummles "how these things get into print"; and the consciousness that they may do so operates as a social gag and is fatal to the easy give-and-take of good dining-table or drawing-room dialogue. "Diaries, diarists, and dire results"; in this jingle did a punstress of *ton* now departed, record her verdict on the autobiographical and memoir-compiling mania of the epoch into which she had lived.

Since the utterance of this warning the seas from Cowes Roads to the Golden Horn are no longer swept by the palatial schooner of the peeress supposed to have provoked it. The late Lady Cardigan, as in some other things, so in her dalliance with printer's ink, was a product and type of her time, for the most part not less magnanimous and a good deal more suggestive than the fair specimens of the titled egotist, turned authoress, who survived her. Lady Cardigan's recollections supplied novelette writers,

the concoctors of town and country tales, queer stories, etc., with so many ideas for situations and plots that their denunciations of the volume in the press, inspired by a sense of duty, must have done violence to their feelings of gratitude for its usefulness. One of the most fruitful memories in the volume just mentioned has indeed been expanded by an expert pen into a smart romance of the six-shilling volume size, which has superseded the nineteenth-century three-deckers, formerly the approved vehicle of circulating library fiction. The plot may be compressed into a few lines. As in Anthony Trollope's *Can You Forgive Her?*, a young lady who has lost her mother but has an independent fortune of her own keeps house with her sire. "Papa," she says one morning, "do take me to the theatre this evening, that we may see the play everyone is talking about." "Quite impossible, Adeline! I am dining to-night with General Cavendish at the Club—a long-standing engagement. In any case I could not take my daughter to such a performance. Nothing is so degrading as a public display of lax morals. Every self-respecting person ought to discountenance such an exhibition." The young lady goes by herself to the playhouse, sees her papa and the General with two very pretty women (she did not remember to have seen them before) in the box opposite, returns home, finds the door opened by her father, takes the bull by the horns, tells him she has been to the theatre, and seen that he was there instead of being at the Club, and is told "Go to bed; we will talk about your behavior later." "But," adds the dutiful daughter, "he never mentioned the subject to me again," and a few days later she set up her own establishment at Mayfair.

Latter-day Amazons of the Cardigan-Lancastre order do but imitate the

august example set by the nineteenth-century Clerk of the Council known indifferently in the sporting and fashionable world as "the Gruncher," "the Lodger," and "Punch." On the principle that a jugful or two poured into a dry pump causes it to bring up water, they may, in the manner already described, help their professional brethren and sisters in the work of literary brickmaking; they may at least count on making convenient additions to their pin-money. They do, however, increasingly interfere with the interchange of incidents and ideas which, clothed in well-chosen words, once redeemed even scandal from grossness and gave a real charm to the gatherings alike of season and recess. Persons who justly pass for well-informed, who are really to some extent behind the scenes and good talkers into the bargain—so far, that is, as the twentieth century tolerates any real conversation at all—have a pardonable objection to amusing or instructing the company when they know that a day or two later they will see their best things served up as paragraphs in a newspaper. If they wait a little longer, they will probably recognize the brightest of their *obiter dicta* doing duty in a quarterly article to point a parallel or a contrast between the doings and sayings of the polite world and those of other epochs. For their posterity is reserved the gratification of knowing that some highly successful volume of reminiscences owes its vogue chiefly to the accurate reports made by its compiler of the wit, wisdom, and experience distilled from lips long sealed by death.

On the whole, therefore, all or most of those whom it concerns are disposed to acquiesce with prompt philosophy in the maimed social rites of the present dispensation. The social chronicle of St. Stephen's during many generations shows that times of transition



like the present have occurred before and may be expected to repeat themselves with pretty regular periodicity; whatever the Westminster novelty of the moment, a precedent for it can always be found. The series of all-night sittings for South African and Army Discipline discussions in 1880 were called absolutely unique. Just a hundred years earlier the same thing had been a matter of weekly recurrence. In 1764 the Wilkes debate lasted from the afternoon of one day to half-past seven on the next morning; in 1783 the European peace debate went on till long after the usual breakfast time; two years later commercial intercourse with Ireland kept members continually at work from the early supper or dinner hour of a certain Thursday till long after what would now be considered luncheon time on the last day of the week but one. Many other like instances have been brought together by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, whose parentage and early nurture almost entitle him to the distinction of having been born in the House of Commons, even as Lord Beaconsfield could boast of having been born in a library. Something has been already said of the beginnings from and the stages by which the long vacations grew into an established usage. In a fashion equally gradual the modern hours of assembly fixed themselves. During the Long Parliament and even for some time afterwards the House met at 7 A.M. and thought it had done a day's work when it rose four hours later. Under Cromwell the sittings steadily pushed themselves further from daybreak. Then came the Restoration, opening the Parliamentary day at nine in the morning and closing it at four in the afternoon. Not many sessions ago something like a scandal was created by an M.P. puffing a briar-root pipe in the Parliamentary precincts, elsewhere than in the smoking-room.

"Tobacconists," as consumers of tobacco were then called, were formerly prohibited from doing so, but as a fact blew clouds almost into the Speaker's eyes during that portion of the seventeenth century in which they refreshed themselves by lying at full length upon the benches sucking oranges and cracking nuts.

The invitation of the Canadian Prime Minister to assist at a Cabinet meeting recently excited some comment. The best judges saw in it the presage of a Parliamentary interchange for which the events and temper of the present time were easily preparing the way. Towards the close of the 'seventies, Sir Bryan O'Loughlen combined membership of the House of Commons at Westminster with a seat in the Victorian Parliament as Attorney-General. Some twenty years afterwards Mr. Martin, K.C., only resigned his place as a Canadian M.P. to find a seat at St. Stephen's for Stratford-on-Avon. All parts of the Empire have to-day been consolidated into a unity inconceivable before the unifying influences of the present time. Yet even Mr. C. P. Villiers, the contemporary of Cobden and Bright, so long the Father of the House, saw a reason in his last years to anticipate the day when the problem of Imperial Federation would begin to solve itself by a closer affiliation to the "Mother of Parliaments" of the deliberative assemblages in Greater Britain, represented by the pick of their members. In its compositions, its rules, and procedure the English Lower House is the creation of opportunism; apart from the decorum which it is their first business to ensure, its laws have nothing in common with those of the Medes and Persians. It is only a few years ago that the state of public business caused some talk of a Parliamentary sitting on a Bank Holiday. "As well," it was exclaimed, "ask us to sit on

Sunday." Such a step would not have been the innovation it seemed. In 1641 both Houses had repeated Sunday sittings, and never adjourned over Good Friday or Christmas Day. After the Revolution, Mary and William had not completed the tenth year of their reign before the House had first twice met as usual on the first day of the week. These are past experiences not without some special interest at the present moment. The impossible has of late years so often realized itself in the details of our domestic and foreign course that the mere fact of anything being pronounced in the highest degree unlikely is no bar whatever to its actual occurrence.

We have not yet had the final redistribution of seats. When, perhaps even before, that comes we may have witnessed a re-allotment of the hours, days, weeks, and seasons making up the total of the Parliamentary year. The first Reform Parliament held its initial meeting in January, 1833. The Speaker, Charles Manners Sutton, after fifteen years' experience in the House, said that with the new elections there had come a complete change of methods and laws. "I feel," he added, "that I now understand nothing about it, and I am sure that the new class of members must make it impossible to maintain any kind of order except such as mobs enforce for themselves or the police can impose on a rabble." Time passed; democracy based itself on household suffrage. The croakers prophesied the end of all things when the Labor members organized themselves into a party. "What do you think about the manners of the new Parliament?" was the question put to Mr. Balfour as an experienced arbiter of the elegances. "The present House," he answered, "seems to be quite the best behaved I have ever sat in." Expert opinions of this kind, recalled in connection with what

has actually happened since, may well warn one off predictions on the subject. As regards the personnel, the rules, times, and seasons of the elective legislature, they may be finally shaped by influences from an unexpected quarter. The war was still in its infancy when our representatives at Constantinople proved unequal to the task of preventing the Turks from throwing in their lot with Germany. England, indeed, since the "days of the great Eltchi" had possessed no ambassador of high calibre at the Porte except Sir William White; and he was appointed entirely out of the Foreign Office succession. The true inference from this and other instances of the same kind is the necessity of enlarging the area from which the heads of our diplomatic service are taken. Such a process might be a matter of concern for colonial critics as well as for those at home. The subject-matter of diplomacy is imperial. The most effective methods of administering the Empire concern our fellow-subjects in the remotest clime, no less than the British Isles. The fourth Earl of Carnarvon, when Colonial Secretary, made his Hampshire house, Highclere Castle, the long vacation resort of the accepted representatives of those overseas communities and interests for which he held himself responsible. From these gatherings there resulted among other things several additions to the colonial Peerage and a greater infusion of the colonial element into the Privy Council. The connection of Colonial Parliaments with the Imperial Assembly at Westminster might, it is also suggested, be drawn closer. These suggestions did not assume a very definite or practical shape at the time, any more than did the project of the South African Federation which the same minister did not a little to forward, but which was left for others to complete. From British Columbia

to Cape Town, from Newfoundland to New Zealand, the number of trans-oceanic guests now in the Old Country is greater than any holiday season has ever known. The topic has already been opened by friendly discussion at club and dining-table. It may be indefinitely shelved or materially advanced during the next few weeks. All which can now be known is that whether in the arrangements of Westminster Palace with our self-governed dependencies or the consideration due to their feelings in our intercourse with foreign states, nothing after the war can be as it was in and before the August of last year. In this epoch of battles there is perhaps no more place for a country-house season than there was a little time back for an Epsom

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week, an Ascot week, and a Sussex fortnight. There will, however, before the fall of the leaf has gone very far, have been devised localities and opportunities for reviewing the various points of political and administrative contact between Secretaries of State in Whitehall with their staffs and those who fill like offices in the great centres of government where floats the flag on which the sun never sets. Thus the social pleasures and vexations of St. Stephen's, with many new and unforeseeable causes likely to affect the details of its time-table, may prove before the present brief vacation closes to be parts of a socio-political system at this moment in unseen process of being recast.

*T. H. S. Escott.*

### STOKES'S ACT.

"An offender when in arrest is not to bear arms except by order of his C.O. or in an emergency."—*The King's Regulations.*

The President of the Court and the Judge-Advocate stood in private colloquy in one of the deep traverse-like windows of the Hôtel de Ville overlooking the Place. A heavy rain was falling from a sullen sky, and the deserted square was a dancing sea of agitation as the raindrops smote the little pools between the cobbles and ricocheted with a multitudinous hiss. Now and again a gust of wind swept across, and the rain rattled against the windows. On the opposite side of the square one of the houses gaped curiously, with bedroom and parlor exposed to view, as though some one had snatched away the walls and laid the scene for one of those *Palais Royal* farces in which the characters pursue a complicated domestic intrigue on two floors at once. That house, with its

bed exposed to the rain dripping from the open rafters, was indeed both farcical and indecent; it stood among its unscathed neighbors like a pariah. The rain was loud and insistent, but not so loud as to dull the distant thunder of the guns. The intermittent gusts of wind now and again interrupted its monotonous theme, but the intervals were as brief as they were violent, and in this polyphonic composition of rain, wind, and guns, the hissing of the raindrops came and went as in a fugue and with an inexpressible mournfulness.

Inside the room was a table covered with green baize, on which were methodically arranged in extended order a Bible, an inkstand, a sheaf of paper, and a copy of the "Manual of Military Law." Behind the table were seven chairs, and to the right and left of them stood two others. The seven chairs were for the members of the court; the chair on the extreme right

was for the "prisoner's friend," that on the left awaited the Judge-Advocate. About five yards in front of the table, in the centre of an empty space, stood two more chairs turned towards it. Otherwise the room was as bare as a guard-room. And this austere meagreness gave it a certain dignity of its own as of a place where nothing was allowed to distract the mind from the serious business in hand. At the door stood an orderly with a red armlet bearing the imprint of the letters "M.P." in black.

"I have read the summary pretty carefully," the Judge-Advocate was saying, "and it seems to me a clear case. The charge is fully made out. And yet the curious thing is, the fellow has an excellent record, I believe."

"That proves nothing," said the Colonel; "I've had a fellow in my battalion found sleeping at his post on sentry-go, a fellow I could have sworn by. And you know what the punishment for that is. It's these night attacks; the men must not sleep by night and some of them cannot sleep by day, and there are limits to human nature. We've no reserves to speak of as yet, and the men are only relieved once in three weeks. Their feet are always wet, and their circulation goes all wrong. It's the puttees perhaps. And if your circulation goes wrong you can't sleep when you want to, till at last you sleep when you don't want to. Or else your nerves go wrong. I've seen a man jump like a rabbit when I've come up behind him."

"Yes," mused the Judge-Advocate, "I know. But hard cases make bad law."

"Yes, and bad law makes hard cases. Between you and me, our military law is a bit prehistoric. You're a lawyer and know more about it than I do. But isn't there something for civilians called a First Offenders Act? Bind 'em over to come up for judgment if called on—that kind of thing. Gives a man

another chance. Why not the soldier too?"

"Yes," replied the Judge-Advocate, "there is. I believe the War Office have been talking about adopting it for years. But this is not the time of day to make changes of that kind. Everybody's worked off his head."

Eight officers had entered the room at intervals, the subalterns a little ahead of their seniors in point of time, as is the first duty of a subaltern whether on parade or at a "general," and having saluted the President in the window, they stood conversing in low tones.

The Colonel suddenly glanced at his left wrist, walked to the middle chair behind the table, and taking his seat said, "Now gentlemen, carry on, please!" As they took their places the Colonel, as President of the Court, ordered the prisoner to be brought in. There was a shuffle of feet outside, and a soldier without cap or belt or arms, and with a sergeant's stripes upon his sleeve, was marched in under a sergeant's escort. His face was not unpleasing—the eyes well apart and direct in their gaze, the forehead square, and the contours of the mouth firm and well-cut. The two took their places in front of the chair, and stood to attention. The prisoner gazed fixedly at the letters "R.F.," which flanked the arms of the Republic on the wall above the President's head, and stood as motionless as on parade. A close observer, however, would have noticed that his thumb and forefinger plucked nervously at the seam of his trousers, and that his hands, though held at attention, were never quite still. The escort kept his head covered.

At the President's order to "bring in the evidence," the soldier on duty at the door vanished, to return with a squad of seven soldiers in charge of a sergeant, who formed them up in

two ranks behind the prisoner and his escort. And they also stood exceeding still.

The President read the order convening the court, and as he recited each officer's name and regiment, the owner acknowledged it with "Here, sir." When he came to the prisoner's name he looked up and said, "Is that your name and number?" The escort nudged the prisoner, who recalled his attention from the wall with an immense effort and said, "Yes, sir."

"Captain Herbert appears as prosecutor and takes his place." As the ritual prescribed by the Red Book was religiously gone through, the prisoner continued to stare at the wall above the President's head, and the rain rattled against the window-panes with intermittent violence. Having finished his recital, the President rose, and with him all the members of the court rose also. He took a Bible in his hand and faced the Judge-Advocate, who exhorted him that he should "well and truly try the accused before the court according to the evidence," and that he would duly administer justice according to the Army Act now in force, without partiality, favor, or affection. . . . "So help you God." As the colonel raised the book to his lips he chanted the antiphon "So help me God." And the Judge-Advocate proceeded to swear the other members of the court, individually or collectively, three subalterns who were jointly and severally sworn holding the book together with a quaint solemnity, as though they were singing hymns at church out of a common hymn-book. Then the Judge-Advocate was in turn sworn by the President with his own peculiar oath of office, and did faithfully and with great earnestness promise that he would neither divulge the sentence, nor disclose, nor discover any votes or opinions as to the same. Which being done, and the President

having ordered the military policeman to march out the evidence, the sergeant in charge cried, "Left turn. Quick march. Left wheel," and the little cloud of witnesses vanished through the doorway.

The President proceeded to read the charge-sheet:—

*"The accused, No. , Sergeant John Stokes, 2nd Battalion Downshire Regiment, is charged with Misbehaving before the enemy in such a manner as to show cowardice, in that he at , on October 3rd, 1914, when on patrol, and when under the enemy's fire, did run away."*

All this time the prisoner had been studying the wall, his eyes travelling from the right to the left of the frieze, and then from the left to the right again. It was noticeable that his lips moved slightly at each stage of this laborious visual journey. "Forty-seven." "Forty-nine." "Forty-eight." Stokes was immensely interested in that compelling frieze. He counted and recounted the number of figures in the Greek fret with painful iteration. Apparently he was satisfied at last, and then his eyes began to study the inkstand in front of the President. The President seemed an enormous distance away, but the inkstand very near and very large, and he found himself wondering why it was round, why it wasn't square, or hexagonal, or elliptic. Then he speculated whether the ink was blue or black, or red, and why people never used green or yellow. His brain had gone through all the colors of the spectrum when a pull at his sleeve by the escort attracted his attention. Apparently the colonel was saying something to him.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner stared, but said nothing. The escort again pulled his sleeve as the colonel repeated the question.

Stokes cleared his throat, and looking his interlocutor straight in the face, said, "Guilty, sir." The members



of the court looked at each other, the Colonel whispered to the Judge-Advocate, the Judge-Advocate to the Prosecutor. The Judge-Advocate turned to the prisoner. "Do you realize," he asked, not unkindly, "that if you plead 'Guilty' you will not be able to call any evidence as to extenuating circumstances?" The prisoner pondered for a moment; it seemed to him that the Judge-Advocate's voice was almost persuasive.

"Well, I'll say 'not guilty,' sir."

He now saw the President quite close to him; that monstrous inkstand had diminished to its natural size. Nothing was to be heard beyond the hissing of the rain but the scratching of the Judge-Advocate's quill, as he slowly dictated to himself the words, "The—prisoner—pleads—'not guilty.'" But why they had asked him a question which could only admit of one answer and then persuaded him to give the wrong one, was a thing that both puzzled and distressed John Stokes. Why all this solemn ritual, he speculated painfully; he was surely as good as dead already. He found himself wondering whether the sentence of the court would be carried out in the presence of only the firing party, or whether the whole of his battalion would be paraded. And he fell to wondering whether he would be reported in the casualty lists as "killed in action," or would it be "missing"? And would they send his wife his indent-disc, as they did with those who had fallen honorably on the field? All these questions both interested and perplexed him, but the proceedings of the Court he regarded little, or not at all.

Meanwhile the Prosecutor was unfolding the charge in a clear, even voice neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. In a court-martial no Prosecutor ever "presses" the charge; he may even alleviate it.

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Which shows that Assizes and Sessions have something to learn from courts-martial. The case was simple. Prisoner had gone out on the night of the 3rd with a patrol commanded by a subaltern. An alarm was raised, and he and the greater part of the patrol had run back to the trenches, leaving the officer to stand his ground, and to return later with his left arm shattered by a German bullet.

All this Stokes remembered but too well, though it seemed to have happened an immense time ago. He remembered how the subaltern had warned him that the only thing to do when a German flare lit up the night was to stand quite still. And he had not stood still, for one of the most difficult things for a man to believe is that to see suddenly is not the same thing as being seen; he had ducked, and as he moved something seared his right cheek like a red-hot iron, and then—but why recall that shameful moment? A paradoxical psychologist in a learned essay on "the Expression of Emotion" has argued gravely that the "expression" precedes the emotion, that a man doesn't run because he is afraid but is afraid because he runs. Sergeant Stokes had never heard of psychology, but to this day he believes that it was his first start that was his undoing. He had begun to run without knowing why, until he knew why he ran—he was afraid. Yes, that was it. He had had, in Army vernacular, "cold feet." But why he ran in the first instance he did not know. It was true he hadn't slept for nearly three weeks, and that his duty as N.C.O. to go round every half hour during the night to watch the men and stare at that inscrutable field, and to post and relieve, had made him very jumpy. And then a young subaltern had died in his arms the day before that fatal night—he could see the gray film glistening on his face like a

clouded glass. How queer he had felt afterwards. But what had that to do with the charge? Nothing at all.

And while the prisoner pondered on these things he was recalled by the voice of the President. Did he wish to ask the witness any questions? His company commander had been giving evidence. No; he had no questions to ask. And as each witness was called, and sworn, and gave evidence, all of which the Judge-Advocate repeated like a litany and duly wrote down with his own hand—the prisoner always returned the same answer.

Now the prisoner's friend, a young officer who had never played that *rôle* before, and who was both nervous and conscientious, had been studying Rule 40 in the Red Book with furtive concentration. What was he to do with a prisoner who neither elected to make a statement nor to put questions to witnesses, and who never gave him any lead? But he had there read something about calling witnesses as to character, and, reading, recollected that the company commander had glanced at the prisoner with genuine commiseration. And so he persuaded Stokes, after some parley, to call the captain to give evidence as to character. The captain's words were few and weighty. The prisoner, he testified, was one of the best N.C.O.'s in his company, and, with the latitude which is characteristic of court-martial proceedings, the captain went on to tell of the testimony borne by the dead subaltern to the excellent character of John Stokes, and how he said John Stokes had been greatly affected by the death of the subaltern. And for the first time John Stokes hung his head. But beyond that and the quivering of his eyelashes he made no sign.

And it being a clear case the Judge-Advocate, as a Judge-Advocate may do, elected not to sum up, and the prisoner was taken to the place from whence

he came. And the court proceeded to consider their finding and sentence, which finding and sentence, being signed by the President and the Judge-Advocate, duly went its appointed way to the Confirming Authority and there remained. For the General in Chief command in the field was hard pressed with other and weightier matters, having reason to believe that he would have to meet an attack of three Army Corps on a front of eight miles with only one Division. Which belief turned out to be true, and had for Sergeant John Stokes momentous consequences, as you shall hear.

## II.

When John Stokes found himself once more in charge of a platoon he was greatly puzzled. He had been suddenly given back his arms and his belt, which no prisoner, whether in close or open arrest, is supposed to wear, and his guard had gone with him. He knew nothing about Paragraph 482 of the King's Regulations which contemplates "emergencies"; still less did he know that an emergency had arisen—such an emergency as will cast lustre upon British arms to the end of time. But that strange things were happening ahead he knew full well, for his new unit was as oddly made up as Falstaff's army: gunners, cooks, and A.S.C. drivers were all lumped together to make a company. Some carried their rifles at the slope and some at the trail, some had bayonets and some had not, certain details from the Rifle Brigade marched with their own quick trot, and some wore spurs.

Of one thing he was thankful: his old battalion, wherever they were, were not there. And the company commander coming along and perceiving the stripes on his sleeve, had, without further inquiry, put him in charge of a platoon, and thereafter he lost sight of his guard altogether.

He knew nothing of where he was. Few soldiers at the Front ever do: they will be billeted in a village for a week and not know so much as the name of it. But that big business was afoot was evident to him, for they were marching in column of route almost at the double, under a faint moon and in absolute silence—the word having gone forth that there was to be no smoking or talking in the ranks.

Not a sound was to be heard, except the whisper of the poplars and the tramp of the men's feet upon the *pavé*. The road was so greasy with mud that it might have been beeswaxed, and Stokes's boots, the nails of which had been worn down, kept slipping as on a parquet floor. As they passed through the mean little villages not a light was to be seen; even the *estaminets* were shut, but now and again a dog barked mournfully at its chain. Once a whispered command was given at the head of the column, which halted so suddenly that the men behind almost fell upon the men in front, and then backed hastily; and these movements were automatically communicated all down the column, so that the section of fours lurched like the trucks of a train which is suddenly pulled up. At that moment something flashed at the head of the column, and Stokes suddenly caught a glimpse of the faces of the captain and the subaltern in an aureole of light lit by the needle-like rays of an electric torch as they studied a map and compass.

But in no long time their ears told them they were nearing their destination, even as a traveller learns that he is nearing the sea. For they heard the crackle of musketry following upon the altercation of guns. All this passed as in a dream, and it seemed little more than a few minutes before Sergeant Stokes, having passed through a curtain of shrapnel, had his platoon

extended in some shallow support trenches to which the remnants of the regiment whom they were called upon to stiffen had fallen back. It was a critical moment: our first trenches were in the hands of the enemy, and the whole line was sagging under the impact of the German hordes. Somehow that trench had to be recaptured—to be recaptured before the Germans had converted the parados into an invulnerable parapet and had constructed a nest of machine-guns to sweep with a cross-fire the right and left flank, where our line curved in like a gigantic horse-shoe. Of all this Sergeant Stokes knew as little as is usually given to one platoon to know on a front of eight miles.

As dawn broke and the stars paled the word came down the line, and in a series of short rushes, stooping somewhat in the attitude of a man who is climbing a very steep hill, they moved forward in extended order about eight or ten paces apart carrying their rifles with bayonets fixed. A hailstorm of lead greeted them, and all around him Sergeant Stokes saw men falling, and as they fell lying in strange attitudes and uncouth—some stumbling (he had seen a hare shot in the back dragging its legs in just that way), others lying on their faces and clutching the earth convulsively as they drummed with their feet, and some very still. Overhead there was a sobbing and whimpering in the air. A little ahead to the left of him a machine-gun was tap-tapping like a telegraph instrument, and as it traversed the field of their advance the men went down in swathes.

If only he could get to that gun! On the right a low hedge ran at right angles to the German trench, and making for it he took such little cover as it afforded, and ran forward as he had never run before, not even on that night of baneful memory. His heart

was thumping violently, there was a prodigious "stitch" in his side; and something warm was trickling down his forehead into his eyes and half blinding him, while in his ears the bullets buzzed like a swarm of infuriated bees. The next moment he was up against a little knot of gray-coated figures with toy-like helmets, he heard a word that sounded like "Himmel," and he had emptied his magazine and was savagely pointing with his bayonet, withdrawing, parrying, using the butt, his knees, his feet. He suddenly felt very faint. . . .

That is all that John Stokes remembers of the first battle of Ypres. For the next thing he knew was that a voice coming from an immense distance—just as he had once heard the voice of the dentist when he was coming to after a spell of gas—was saying something to him as he seemed to be rising, rising, rising ever more rapidly out of unfathomable depths, and then out of a mist of darkness a window, first opaque and then translucent, framed itself before his eyes, and he was staring at the sun. The voice, which was low and sweet—an excellent thing in woman—was saying, "Take this, sonny," and the air around him was impregnated with a faint odor of iodoform. Then he knew—he was in hospital.

### III.

"Yes, a curious case," said one oficer to the other as he sat in a certain room at Headquarters, staring abstractedly at the list of Field Ambulances and of their Chaplains attached to the wall. "A very curious case. It reminds me of something Smith said to me about bad law making hard cases. It was jolly lucky the findings of the court were held up all that time. If the C.-in-C. had confirmed them and the sentence had been promulgated, Stokes would now be doing five years at Woking. Whereas,

Blackwood's Magazine.

there he is back with his old battalion, holding a D.C.M., and not reduced by one stripe."

"Not so curious as you think, my friend," replied the other. "Why, I saw forty men under arrest marching through H.Q. the other day singing—singing, mind you. There's hope for a man who sings. Of course, field punishment doesn't matter much; it is only a matter of a few days and a spell of fatigue duty. Though, mind you, I don't say that cleaning out latrines isn't pretty hard labor. But when it comes to breaking a man with a clean record because he has fallen asleep out of sheer weariness—well, what's the good of throwing men like that on the scrap-heap? Of course, you must try them, and you must sentence them but you can give them another chance. You know Stokes's case fairly made us sit up, and we haven't let the grass grow under our feet. Look at that."

The Judge-Advocate read the blue document that was pushed across the table: "An act to suspend the operation of sentences of Courts-martial." He studied the sections and sub-sections with the critical eye of a Parliamentary draughtsman. "Yes," he said, after some pertinent emendations, "it'll do. But the title is too long for common use at G.H.Q."

"Why!" said the other with a certain paternal sensitiveness, "what do you suggest?"

"I suggest," said the Judge-Advocate pensively,—*"I suggest we call it Stokes's Act."*

Now this story has one merit—if it has no other. It is true. And as for the rest of the Act and its preamble, and its sections and its sub-sections, are they not written in the Statute Book? In the Temple they call it 5 & 6 Geo. V., cap. 23. But out there they call it "Stokes's Act."

*J. H. Morgan.*

## THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD.

Ever since the *Lusitania* was sunk the moral interests of the United States and of the Allies have been inseparably linked. That conjunction has now been reinforced by the considerable identity of material interests established by the Anglo-French loan. To regard, and, still more, to criticise, the results of Lord Reading's negotiations from the merely financial standpoint is to miss their major meaning, though we may add that, even as a strictly business venture, the terms of the Loan seem least surprising to those who know America best. But the transaction is one that cannot be rightly assessed by the ordinary standards of Lombard Street. Its flotation is as much a unique experience in American as in British history. Hitherto American finance like American policy and the American outlook, has been mainly confined to the United States. Now for the first time, on any scale worth mentioning, it has broadened out into the international field, and the average American investor, up till now almost exclusively concerned with railways and industrial securities, is becoming familiarized with foreign bonds. That this process must continue, that the United States must be prepared for constantly increasing calls for financial help from Europe, and that New York will seriously compete with, and may even overshadow, London as the supreme money market of the world, we take to be inevitable. Many people over here have consoled themselves for the stiffness of the terms imposed upon the Anglo-French Commission by reflecting not merely that the conditions exacted from Germany, had she sought even a tenth of the sum that now stands to our credit, would have been so harsh as to be virtually prohibitive, but also that

the Loan could not have been raised at all except on the basis of a widespread sympathy with our cause and confidence in its success. Both points are well taken. The Loan, indeed, has afforded the American people almost their first opportunity of showing in a practical form to which of the two sets of belligerents their hopes and wishes incline. But that is not its most important aspect. What must always and chiefly make it memorable is that it is the initial and dramatic token of a coming revolution in the kingdom of international finance and consequently in the character and extent of America's interest in the affairs of the universe. The reflex action of that revolution upon domestic conditions in the United States can hardly be other than great. But its influence on America's relations with the world at large is bound to be even greater. Between the United States and Europe there has been forged the first of many links that must profoundly affect, and that may transform, the position of the American nation in the general scheme of *Welt-politik*.

Hitherto the United States has been in the world but not of it. There is a much more significant question to be resolved than whether America will enter the war. It is whether America will enter the world. Since she chased the Barbary pirates off the sea the United States has been virtually a recluse among the nations. She has signed Hague Conventions, but with the distinct and public proviso that their enforcement is no concern of hers. She has attended European Conferences, as at Algeciras, but only on the understanding that they commit her to nothing. She has written in the past fifteen years innumerable dis-



patches on the developments in the Far East, but she has never once seriously contemplated backing up words by action. Outside the Monroe Doctrine the Americans neither have nor wish to have any foreign policy whatever. Some thought they had developed one when they bounded out of their long innocuous isolation, felled at a stroke an essential member of the European family, freed Cuba, occupied Porto Rico, and strewed the Pacific with stepping-stones from Hawaii to Manila. But they were mistaken. The past decade and a half have completely disenchanted Americans with the fruits of Imperialism. Question the average citizen of the United States to-day, and you will find him either a monument of indifference or an encyclopædia of cloudy misinformation as to all that is happening in America's insular possessions, and as to the international and strategic problems that their retention propounds. The white man's burden, as far as Americans are concerned, has become the white man's boredom; and if there were any way of disposing of the Philippines without seeming to lose face too abjectly the vast majority of Americans would welcome it and follow it with something like enthusiasm. They have failed even to attain to that vague pride of ownership which, among the masses of our own people, does duty for Imperialism; and the glamour of being an Asiatic Power, and of ruling over tropical dependencies, has utterly faded.

What dominates the thought and sentiment and policy of the American people is still that peaceable, home-keeping instinct of theirs. They have an empire, but they have not become Imperial. They have expanded physically, but they have still to expand mentally. They delight to call themselves a "World-Power," but the claim can only be admitted in the narrowest

and most technical sense—the sense, for instance, in which New York may be called a cosmopolitan city, because a great many people of different nationalities make it their home. The attributes of a "World-Power," of course, are not a matter of geography but of consciousness and horizon, and though the issue of the Spanish War was an undoubted upheaval of a kind, and though since then nearly every year has seen the multiplication of fresh points of diplomatic contact with the outer world, it remains the fact that the questions that really affect America are still American questions. In effect the national self-engrossment is hardly less complete to-day for all practical purposes than it has been any time during the past hundred years. The operative opinion of the Commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign Powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against permanent and entangling alliances (while altogether ignoring his emphatic advocacy of "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies"), still shrinks from any course that threatens "complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions. That this attitude must in the long run prove untenable; that the United States cannot indefinitely preserve the immunity from the conflicts and problems of Europe and the Far East which has served her well during the century and a quarter of her material upbuilding; that she is destined to be drawn with a constantly increasing celerity into those clashes of policy and ambitions that formerly she could afford to look upon with an almost complete detachment—all this, which seems axiomatic to a dispassionate onlooker, is still not only disputed but denied by the great majority of the American

people. They hold that America's true destiny and most useful task is to develop on the American Continent an ideal type of civilization, to eschew war, militarism and all the burdens and deceptive glories of the older world, and to inspire mankind by the spectacle of a nation given up solely to the pursuit of liberty and justice and the arts of peace and equal rights for all.

That is a fine ideal, and the least observant European must have noticed how it has influenced the American attitude towards the issues stirred up by the present war. But it is an ideal that in its implications of aloofness and self-sufficiency is incompatible with the ambition, which Americans none the less cherish, to play a commanding part in the future ordering of the world. The question that has presented itself to them with a deepening insistence during the past fifteen months is how to end not only this war but all wars. In most Americans' opinion the time must come when a blood-soaked, bankrupt and exhausted Europe will turn to their President's mediation with gratitude and relief. When that hour strikes they believe that the future not only of Old World civilization but of mankind itself may depend, beyond everything else, on the vision that American statesmanship brings to its task. American influence, American example, American disinterestedness, backed by a clear purpose and by the conserved strength of 100,000,000 people, will, they think, be the factors that more than any other factors will determine whether this war is to be ended merely to be renewed later on, or whether it is to usher in a veritable reign of peace; whether the gospel of force and the armed doctrine of militarism are to continue to oppress the world or whether civilization can be started on a new path.

But what Americans do not yet seem to realize is the conditions on which alone this honorable ambition of theirs can be fulfilled. It cannot be fulfilled unless they for their part get rid of certain inveterate prepossessions, readjust their political focus, and accept responsibilities they have hitherto and deliberately declined to assume. We cannot, for instance, conceive any League of Peace, any possible reconstitution of the world on an international basis, from which the necessity of enforcing decisions, when necessary, by common action shall be excluded; and if the new dispensation is to comprise the United States it can only be on condition that Americans are prepared to co-operate on equal terms with the nationals and Governments of other countries, to shoulder their part of the common liabilities, and so contribute their proportion of naval and military power to the general stock. However slight or however onerous the task of maintaining a lasting peace may afterwards prove, Americans can take no effective hand in it so long as they confine themselves to expressions of good will and pacific protestations and, for the rest, wash their hands of Europe. If the United States is to exert a genuine and first-hand influence in safe-guarding and fortifying the future peace of the world, there must be no half-heartedness in American policy, no attempt to achieve by persuasion and exhortation what can only be achieved by force, no throwing out of suggestions accompanied by a refusal to guarantee their performance, but a resolute and definite entrance into the actual arena of the world-politics and a willingness to undertake the inevitable commitments and run the inevitable risks. That is the supreme dilemma which the war and its aftermath are shaping and will continue to shape for American decision; and all the intermediate

incidents such as the flotation of the Loan and the controversy with Germany are of real significance just so far as they induce a new orientation of the American political mind and an expansion of the material and political interests of the American people,

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disabuse them of the fallacy that the palm can be won without the dust, and instil into them the much more wholesome doctrine that their usefulness and their power in the new order of the universe will be measured not by their aspirations but by their deeds.

## KING FERDINAND.

There are only two living Kings of Europe whom the pencil of the satirist has made familiar to their contemporaries. One is the Kaiser, and the other is Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It would be difficult to find on the summits of the same world two more sharply contrasted characters, but they have something in common, and this it is which has endeared them to the caricaturists. They are in an age of constitutions and democracies, governed and shaped, as it is, by impersonal tendencies and anonymous economic forces, the only two Kings whose personality counts in the balances of destiny. Their wills, their intelligence, the intimate dreams of their secret imaginations, must be numbered with the armies, the banks, and the theories, among the forces that shape our age. They are self-moving figures on a stage crowded with automata and machines, and nature, whether to warn us or to seduce us, has set upon them both the outward signs of personality. Stripped of their crowns and their orders, and dressed in shabby mufti, they would both stand out in any crowd. The Ferdinand of the caricatures is a sinister figure, a human bird of prey, and there is something formidable in his aquiline nose and piercing blue eyes. But when he intends to please, the total impression is decidedly attractive. The strong face and the big frame are handsome. His play of ex-

pression can be humorous and winning. He will assume in a long interview a manner that is half-confidential, half-fatherly, and altogether flattering. The evident art of the man in talking may be theatrical, but it is accomplished. He talks well, and very indiscreetly, lifting all the while the veil of State secrets, giving full vent to his angers and dislikes, and pointing allusively to the dangers and mysteries of the past. He is, moreover, when he really lets himself go in his mother-tongue, which is French, a skilful phrasemaker and a graphic artist in words. He has the secret of the social egotist; he reveals himself without apparent reserve, and the appeal to the goodwill of the listener is so frank, so naïve, that it seems churlish to refuse the sympathy for which he craves. Does he really desire sympathy, or is it only that he realizes that to seek sympathy is a subtle form of flattery? It would be hard to say; but the fact probably is that he is not merely the coldly ambitious man who is satisfied to do great things and accomplish large aims which themselves will be his monuments and his apologists. His ambitions are social; he seeks applause and sympathy, and would achieve great things chiefly for the consideration which they will bring him.

To understand the man, one must bear his record in mind. He has led the life that sometimes falls in modern

times to a very strenuous statesman, but rarely to a prince. It called from the first hour for action, will, resource. An elected King, whose predecessor had abdicated in despair, he struggled where others reign. The omens were against him. Prince Alexander had been kidnapped, abducted to Russia, which had forgotten its earlier rôle of deliverer, and then ordered to resign his crown. Prince Ferdinand started with the full load of this same hostility on his own shoulders. Nor was foreign opposition the only danger; he had to meet a hostile party at home, and to face, as a Catholic and a non-Slav, the Orthodox opposition. If he leaned on Stambouloff and eschewed a policy of adventure, he roused the suspicions and hatreds of the Macedonians, who had only one use for a Bulgarian prince, that he should liberate Macedonia. If he played the autocrat, he estranged his stubborn, self-respecting, democratic Bulgars. If he imitated the liberalism of his predecessor, he risked the hostility of the existing Russian Court. The political dangers were grave, but behind them lurked the dark and bloody world of Balkan melodrama, the world of plots and murders and kidnappings. He brought to his task a great power of work. How much of the marvellous development of Bulgaria in his reign was actually due to him, and how much to the Bulgarian spirit of orderly toil, it would be hard to say, but certainly he did all that an ambitious and very able prince, possessed of large constitutional powers and a native personal ascendancy, could possibly do. His mind is modern, realistic, scientific, the sharpest contrast to the Kaiser's medievalism. A botanist of some standing, he had the knowledge to assist the agriculture of his country. In such work lay the best side of the man, and if he was vain of it, he had some right to his pride. He

would talk as though he were the creator of Bulgaria. He seemed to stand like the aged Faust, on an eminence, watching the multitudes to whom he had given fruitful toil. He would speak incessantly of "*mon œuvre*," as though Bulgaria were a kind of vast extension of his own well-kept botanical garden. The ambition was sensitively personal, but it was in some sense an ambition of fruitful service.

The pinnacle on which in his own imagination he stood, was none the less a dizzy one. If one tries, from fragments of King Ferdinand's talk, to guess the intimate form of his ambition, it clearly had a close relation to his standing as compared with other kings. An artist is jealous of other artists, a politician of other politicians. King Ferdinand, when his talk grew frank and indiscreet, would mock at the personal nullity of other sovereigns, especially Balkan sovereigns. He would pour out biting and whimsical phrases, each a sort of verbal caricature, of King Peter, King Constantine, and the rest. One heard clearly enough the underlying thought. He seemed to invite the listener to look first on these portraits and then on this, and make the appropriate "Hyperion to a Satyr" comment. On what other throne sits a man of his intellect, his scientific attainments, his self-sufficing? So, one guessed, ran the daily argument in the royal brain, and the conclusion followed, that his power, his standing, his scope, his territory, ought to correspond to these talents. Did he fail and lead his country into the abyss of disaster? That only proved, as he would put it with the revealing simplicity of egoism, that the Great Powers are jealous of "*mon œuvre*." Extravagant, megalomaniac, and barely sane as his mood was, it was doubly dangerous because it was based on facts. For no one could dis-

pute the King's talents, and his success up to the one fall of 1913, had been dazzlingly complete. He had come to think of himself as a magical manager of men, and in this department he assuredly had great skill. He thought meanly of Bulgarian politicians, and would spare no words of abuse in referring to his late Ministers. In one Cabinet, he would recount, how two Ministers (if memory serves us, but at least one) were men with lurid pasts. They had been, he declared, in the pay of the Russian secret police, and one had actually been hired to murder him. Were these notions diseased fancies? It may be so. The mania of persecution fastens readily on the megalomaniac in adversity. He certainly believed that he had survived the most monstrous plots, and the belief, when one recalls his predecessor's fate, was not unnatural. It inspired in him a fatal confidence in his own power to defeat the plotters. "Mithridates, he died old." He ruled by a system of day-to-day unscrupulousness, which may have been venial, and in that world excusable. He knew the skeleton in every Minister's cupboard, and he took pains to acquire the key. But in a man of his temperament, his daily success suggested a reserve power which might be turned on occasion to large ends. The habit of managing Ministers begot a contempt for public opinion, and good luck in defeating conspiracies suggested the power to weave them on the larger diplomatic stage. There was in this flattering estimate of himself an element of delusion of which King Ferdinand was probably not aware. With all his artistic charm he was never popular. With all his good work, he was never trusted. He survived partly by his own skill, but much more by the mistakes of his adversary.

The man who is about, for the third time, to drench the Balkans in blood,

The Nation.

will perplex historians by the paradoxes of his character. There was never a less soldierly chief of a nation of soldiers. King Ferdinand has never been able to overcome his physical timidity, and his men looked in vain for his presence in the danger zone. Cowardice of this type is often a consequence of intense egotism. The man who values his life over much, who pursues alluring ambitions, and thinks affectionately of the talents enshrined in his body, does not risk it lightly. Nature will often play the trick of creating a big frame, and mocking its great vitality by endowing it with an over-keen instinct of self-preservation. Some good has come of these physical fears. Sofia owes its good sanitation and vigilant system of public health to the King's dread of epidemics. Unluckily, the fear of bullets in kings does not necessarily induce a dread of war. This physical cowardice is compatible with the utmost boldness and even rashness in making plans which endanger other men's skins. These great abilities, this self-reliance, this versatile social talent, and those pleasant traits, a passion for flowers and birds, might have made, with his zest in work, a great and beneficent King in any corner of Europe less troubled than the Balkans. Here too much is fluid. It is too easy to create. The floating realm of the possible has beckoned its Emperor. How does he envisage the Great Bulgaria that is to stretch from the Adriatic to the Black Sea? Not as a blood-stained battlefield; he will not look on the slaughter. Not as a province to be exploited; he is not, with all his faults, a financial Imperialist. He sees, as the warped idealist commonly does see, his madly magnificent dream. It is a very big garden, even bigger than Bulgaria, and one day it will be very orderly and green, and he will look at it and call it "*mon œuvre*."



## THE VOICE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

The fate of every weak country lying in the track of the progress which Germany dreams of would be certain and miserable. Belgium is only an extreme example. We hear little of the humiliation and moral suffering of Luxemburg because she did not—could not—commit the offence of resistance. But the humiliation and the suffering are there, and it is well to remember them from time to time, though they connect themselves little enough with the daily facts of the war, if only because they show that, when German necessity calls, excuses and apologies for barbarous treatment are a mere afterthought. It is a convenience for Germany to pretend that Belgium was invaded because she had plotted against her great neighbor. The "discovery" of the "plot" (which was of course no plot, but only a plan for self-protection against burglars) was not made till months after the burglars had entered and rifled the house. But in the case of Luxemburg, whose integrity was also guaranteed by treaty, the Germans have not troubled to discover any excuse at all. Luxemburg was violated because she stood in Germany's way. If German casuists pretend that nothing has been done by Germany in the way of violating treaties without some good reason, let them be asked: What of Luxemburg? The fate of Luxemburg would be the fate of every Balkan State, and of every race within a State, that happened similarly to block the path of Germany to any one of her goals. We do not often hear the voices of the little peoples, for they cannot, or dare not, express their feelings. Some of them are within the borders of the Central Powers, others comprise or belong to neutral States and can say no word without permission of a Censor,

others again are intimidated. Nor should we forget the fact that some have been laid away by specious promises or German money, and do not really foresee the certain culmination of the moral support they offer to Germany and Austria.

In these circumstances we have read with deep interest a remarkable collection of the opinions of persons belonging to the small or subject races which have been published by the *Literary Digest* of New York. These opinions have been provided by South Slavs, Lithuanians, Letts, Finns, Poles, and so on who are resident in the United States. In the United States they can say what they think without fear or favor. There has been no attempt to guide their opinions. The editors of the *Literary Digest* have simply provided an opportunity, and have published whatever came to them with calm impartiality. Some opinions are not favorable to the Entente Powers, but the vast majority are strongly favorable. When the source of the opinions is considered, the tremendous balance of support for the Entente Powers is truly notable and gratifying. It was not to be expected that Poles, Ruthenians, and Lithuanians, for instance, should be as a body favorable to Russia. When they think of Russia they merely remember that under her rule their national yearnings have not been satisfied. Every subject-race—every nation which is not a nation—naturally has a grudge against its superior power. It would not have been astonishing if every Russian Pole who was consulted had expressed himself after the manner of the frogs who thought that King Stork must necessarily be a better ruler than King Log. Yet even when men of these races recall their grievances

many of them acknowledge that the worst ill that could befall them would be to be placed at the mercy of Germany. As a result of the canvass of all the newspapers published in America in the interests of the small peoples of Europe, the editors of the *Literary Digest* say: "Only one nation among all these subject-peoples is whole-heartedly in sympathy with the Teutonic Powers." That one exception is the Ruthenians. The Finns, according to their American organs, are "pretty equally divided," while the Lithuanians from the Baltic provinces profess neutrality "tempered by some pro-Ally tendencies." As for the Poles, the Polish papers in America are "strongly inclined to place more trust upon the assurances of the Allies." This is rather to understate the balance of opinion on the side of the Allies, as we notice that pro-Entente declarations are much stronger or warmer than anything said in the opposite sense. Thus one Lithuanian editor says that his people are "overwhelmingly" on the side of the Allies, not because they love the Russian bureaucracy, but because they have watched Germany too long to hope for anything from her, whereas they feel that Constitutional reforms are bound to come in Russia after the war. A Polish editor, again, speaks of Germany as a "cancerous growth on Europe."

Writing of the Bohemians in America, the *Literary Digest* says:—

"The polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire naturally contains a great number of these subject-races, who are, on the whole, distinctly pro-Ally. Nowhere is this sentiment more marked than among the Bohemians, whose organs in this country are unanimous in their desire for unity with their Slavic brethren, which they conceive can only be obtained by the defeat of the Central Powers. As one of the most vigorous and well-organized of all the

subject-races, the American Bohemians have been conducting a strenuous publicity campaign, and the Bohemian National Alliance of America has published a pamphlet repudiating the "Appeal to the American People" against arms-exports, which was published as an advertisement in the newspapers some months ago. This repudiation is signed by five national alliances, the editors of twenty-six Bohemian organs, and by ten editors of other nationalities, and they aver that 'the appeal was signed by newspapers whose publishers did not understand the real intention of the document and did not read its full text. Their signatures were obtained by false pretences. . . . We, the representatives of a great part of the European immigrants in America, deem it our solemn duty to declare that . . . we express our complete confidence in the Government of this country for its correct and careful attitude as the one great neutral Power, and we repudiate most emphatically the immoral and hypocritical campaign against the countries that defend violated Belgium and fight for the rise of small nations to a separate existence and unhampered development.' Turning to purely Bohemian questions these representatives of the nation say: 'The history of Austria for the last four hundred years is a record of unparalleled and unequalled oppression of all non-German and non-Magyar nationalities. The hands of the Hapsburgs even now are dripping with the blood of Bohemian martyrs condemned to death and executed simply because they had the courage and moral backbone to refuse to fight for a Government much worse in many respects than that of the czarism in its worst days ever was. It is a fact that many Bohemian regiments in the Austrian Army have been decimated and dissolved because the Bohemians will not fight for the cause of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns.'"

No student of Balkan affairs will need to be told that the feelings of the Serbs and Croats are every bit as strong as those of the Czechs. Finally,

opinions are quoted from Armenian and Arabic papers, every one of them violently hostile to Germany and Austria, who are trying to perpetuate the Turkish tyranny.

It so happens that the fears of the Armenians have been realized during the past few days in a manner almost beyond belief. The Germano-Turkish alliance has been fruitful of massacres which make the horrors of 1895-1898, and the later massacre at Adana, seem comparatively uneventful. The *Manchester Guardian*, which has always been accurately informed on Armenian affairs, published a narrative recently—a narrative amply confirmed in the *Times*—which proves that even the relative mercy of allowing Armenians to escape death by conversion to Islam is no longer generally practised. The plain object of the Turks—not practicable probably, but still greatly desired—is to end the Armenian question once for all by exterminating the race. The massacres have been organized by the Turkish Government, and so far there is not a scrap of evidence that the German patrons and preceptors of the Turkish Army have raised a finger to intervene. The best we learn is that two German nurses with the Turkish troops resigned their positions and proceeded horror-struck to Constantinople, where they protested at several of the Embassies:—

"Besides the many thousands killed, more than half a million Armenians who inhabited the provinces have been deported from their native land and exiled towards the south. These deportations have been carried out in the most systematic fashion by the local authorities since the beginning of April last. A beginning was made with the disarming of the population in all the villages and towns. Gendarmes were used for the purpose, and even criminals specially liberated from the prisons, who committed, under the pretext of disarming, murders and in-

flicted horrible tortures. The next step was to imprison Armenians *en masse* on the excuse of having found in their houses arms or books or the mere mention of one of the political parties, &c. Failing such excuses, mere possession of wealth or a good social standing was a sufficient pretext. Finally, the deportation began. First of all, under the pretence of sending them into exile, all those were expatriated who had not been imprisoned or who had been set at liberty in default of proof. Then the massacres took place. Not a single man escaped death. The remainder of the population—old folk, women, and children—were looked upon as fair game in the province of Kharput, and were put at the disposal of the Mussulman population. The highest functionary, like the simplest peasant, chose the woman or girl that pleased him best and took her as his wife, converting her by force to Islamism. As for the little children, as many of them were taken as were wanted, and the remainder were put on the roads famished and without food, to fall victims of starvation if not of the cruelty of robber bands. Massacres took place in the province of Diarbekir, particularly at Merdin, and the population underwent the same atrocities. In the provinces of Erzerum, Bitlis, Sivas, and Diarbekir the local authorities gave some facilities to the deportees—five to ten days' grace, authorization for the partial sale of their property, and liberty to hire a wagon for a few families; but at the end of several days the wagon-drivers left them half-way on the road and returned to the town. The caravans thus collected on the roads encountered the next day or a few days afterwards robber bands or Mussulman peasants, who looted them of all they possessed. The bandits joined hands with the gendarmes and killed the few men or youths who were found in the caravans. They carried off the women, the young girls, and the children, leaving only the old women, who were driven along by the gendarmes under the lash of the whip, and who died of hunger

by the roadside. An eyewitness recounts that the women deported from the province of Erzerum were left for several days in the Kharput plain, where all of them died of hunger (at the rate of fifty or sixty a day), and all the authorities did was to send some men to bury them. . . . Armenian soldiers have undergone the same fate. All of them, by the way, have been disarmed, and they are working on the construction of roads. We learn from a sure source that Armenian soldiers of the Erzerum province, working on the Erzerum-Yerzhingha road, have all been massacred. Equally those of the province of Diarbekir have been massacred on the Diarbekir-Urfa and Diarbekir-Kharput road. From Khar-

The Spectator.

put alone 1,800 young Armenians were sent off as soldiers to Diarbekir to work on the roads there. All of them have been massacred in the neighborhood of Arghene. We have no news about other localities, but there can be no doubt that the soldiers there have been made to suffer the same fate. . . . In short, from Sansum to Seghert and Diarbekir there is at this moment not an Armenian living. Most of them have been massacred, a portion have been carried off, and a portion have been converted to Islam. History has never recorded nor has ever spoken of a hecatomb like this."

Such is the fate of one of the little peoples when the glorious progress of German *Kultur* is the issue.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys" by A. Neely Hall, (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) is a book which will appeal not only to boy-craftsmen, but to fathers and older brothers, skilful with their tools, who may like to fashion diverting toys for the younger members of their families. The book contains clear and detailed directions for the home production of wind-mills, kites, aeroplanes, motor-boats, water-motors, railways, elevators, mechanical, clockwork and electrical toys, tops, shooting-galleries, doll-houses, stables, furniture, mail-boxes, reflectoscopes and other instruments of juvenile diversion. Three hundred illustrations and working drawings help to make the book the most useful and up-to-date guide to home handicrafts yet published. With this book at hand, with a few tools and some simple materials, any active boy may be assured happy and healthful employment for his out-of-school hours. The same publishers publish "A Real Cinderella" by Nina Rhoades and "Dorothy Dainty at

Crestville" by Amy Brooks, attractive and prettily-illustrated stories for young girl readers—the first in addition to the "Brick House Books," and the second to the "Dorothy Dainty Series."

To "The Little Cousins of Long Ago Series" the Page Company adds "Our Little Norman Cousin of Long Ago" by Evaleen Stein, with half a dozen illustrations by John Goss. This is a story of Normandy in the time of William the Conqueror; and the two boys, Henri and Alan, who are the chief figures in it, with their young companions, will help to make more real and vivid to boy and girl readers of to-day the conditions of life in the far-away time in which the story is placed.

That familiar juvenile annual, "Chat-terbox," comes around regularly with the recurring years. The 1915 volume, with more than four hundred closely-printed pages, filled with children's stories, sketches, poems and bits of in-

formation and suggestion, and illustrated with numerous pictures, some of them in colors, is ready in good season. It bears the imprint of Dana Estes & Co.

In "The Passport" Emile Voûte has written the story of a young man whose heart is filled with the horrors of war, and whose mind is fired with the ambition to find some way in which to stop all war forever. With seemingly incredible ease this young American makes the discovery of an anæsthetic which can be applied to large masses of men rendering them helpless for several hours and without harmful after effects. His experiments give him immediate fame and at the same time arouse against him the bitter hatred of the pro-German party in America. After escaping the machinations of German Americanism and incidentally disclosing numerous plots against the United States, young Warden goes to Europe to enter the war zone where he puts his discovery into practical use and thus brings the war, all war, to a peaceful end. "The Passport" is an arraignment of Germany, her methods, warfare, and her famed "kultur" but it is an arraignment without bitterness, rather breathing the spirit of humanitarianism and the brotherhood of man. Mitchell Kennerley.

There may be somewhere stories of young life more poignant and touching, more true and natural, than those that Margaret Prescott Montague tells in "Closed Doors" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). But one would need to go far to find them. The doors which closed upon the small heroes and heroines of these seven stories were those of sight or hearing. They were blind or deaf children in a public institution, the "Lomax School," not always at peace with each other, and not always understood by their teachers, but restless, wistful and childlike, with as many varying moods

as children of a happier lot. Little Phoebe, who recklessly violated all rules for the rare pleasure of getting into a room by herself; little "old Webster," the deaf and dumb boy who mastered the word "mother" in order that he might delight her by speaking it; "Red Bird," who gained distinction among his associates by a long-sustained pretence that he could see; "Just Jimmie," who was the unconscious instrument of keeping a despairing man from suicide; little Stanislaus, who had looked forward confidently to seeing on his fifth birthday, and, through one of the familiar tragedies of the roads, opened his eyes upon the other life on that day; these, and the others of whom Miss Montague writes with rare sympathy, are real children, whose deprivations and experiences bring tears to the eyes.

"Hal O' The Ironsides," by S. R. Crockett, is a story of Cromwell's time, the adventures of a Captain of a troop in Cromwell's army. Hal Ludlow was severely reprimanded by Cromwell for neglecting his duty and tarrying too long in that great soldier's garden with his daughters. Hal was dismissed from the Slepe Troop of which he had been proud to be a member and was told that he must show himself worthy if he ever wished to be taken into favor again. To show Cromwell what he could do, Hal raised a Company of his own from a band of Anabaptists, persuaded his father to equip them with horses, and from that time forward was present wherever was the greatest danger and hottest fighting. A number of ladies looked with favor upon Hal, and more than one were ready to be his devoted slaves. The most interesting of these was Nena la Fain, a gypsy girl who lived in the marshes and who appeared most opportunely several times to save Hal's life by her cleverness. The his-



torical background is constructed realistically and the book is full of color and stirring adventure. Fleming H. Revell Co.

We are hearing a good deal now-a-days, though perhaps not too much, of the duty of national preparedness. It is another form of preparedness—though, in any emergency, easily contributory to the first—which is taught in Arthur A. Carey's little volume, "The Scout Law in Practice" (Little, Brown & Co.). The book is addressed to Boy Scouts and their leaders, and the key note of it is the motto borne on the Boy Scout arrow, "Be Prepared." It enforces the duty of being prepared for every form of obligation to God and country, to society and to brotherhood; of playing the game of life fairly; of self-control and of helpfulness; and it tells the Boy Scout that he must be trustworthy, loyal, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. These are high ideals; and Mr. Carey enforces them with an appeal which derives an added force from his long experience as a Boy Scout leader and comrade.

It would rarely happen that there would come to boy readers in a single season, from one publishing house, such a group of stirring and worth while stories as Henry Holt & Co. offer this year. "Camp Bob's Hill" by Charles P. Burton and "Tom Strong Junior" by Alfred Bishop Mason are "Boy Scout" books, but quite different in scope. The first is a lively story of present-day boy scouts who, camping in the Berkshires under the shadow of Greylock, have a good many adventures—some of them diverting and some exciting—and incidentally learn a number of useful and wholesome things. The story is told by one of the boys in the group, and the charac-

ters who figured in Mr. Burton's earlier stories "The Boys of Bob's Hill" and "The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill" reappear in this. There are five illustrations by Gordon Grant. Mr. Mason's book is also the third in a series, but the hero and the other boys who figure in it lived a hundred years or more ago, and fought in the War of 1812. Mr. Mason weaves in real history with his story without in the least diminishing its interest; and the illustrations, twenty or thirty in number, are largely of historic scenes. "Uncle Abner's Legacy" and "In Morgan's Wake" are by the same author, A. Hyatt Verrill, but vary widely in scene and incident. The first is the story of a city-bred boy and girl who were suddenly enriched, and incidentally not a little perplexed, by the bequest of a farm through the will of an eccentric uncle; but entered upon their new responsibilities and opportunities with good courage, and—as either of them might have said—"made good." There is wrought into the story so much of the detail of farm life that it might well serve as a handbook of practical agriculture for young people. There are twenty or more illustrations. "In Morgan's Wake" carries forward the tale of travel in the West Indies which Mr. Verrill began in "The Cruise of the Cormorant." It is again the Cormorant which conveys the travellers—two boys, their uncle and an old sea captain—first from Cuba to Haiti, then to the Dominican Republic, and then to Trinidad, up the coast and through the Panama Canal. This is a cruise which opens the way to many new experiences and to some lively adventures, all of which Mr. Verrill describes entertainingly, and with a considerable admixture of useful information. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations from photographs and fifty line drawings scattered through the text.